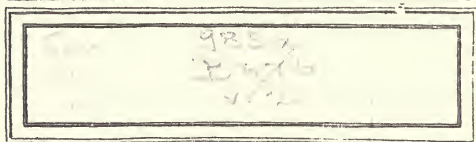
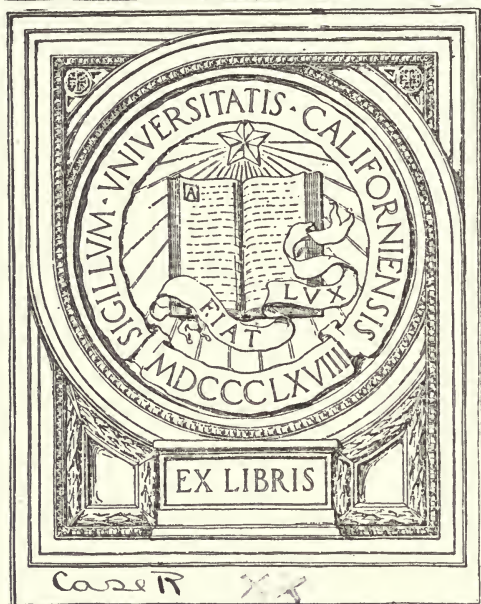






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ST. PATRICK AT TARA
THE APPARITION OF CUCHULAINN

The GROVE PLAYS *of* THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PORTER GARNETT

VOLUME II

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THE PLAYS

THE SEVENTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1909]

ST. PATRICK AT TARA
A Forest Play

BY
H. MORSE STEPHENS
WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER
WALLACE A. SABIN

H. MORSE STEPHENS
SIRE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE LITERATURE on the life and work of St. Patrick is very large and steadily increasing. Noteworthy among the books hitherto published about him for devotional, literary, or historical treatment are the lives by Miss M. F. Cusack (the Nun of Kenmare); by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; by the Rev. Father John Morris, S. J.; by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Todd, and by Professor J. B. Bury. But these biographies all depend for their historical detail upon the two authentic Patrician documents, the Confession of Patrick and the Letter against Coroticus. These documents have often been translated and reprinted, most conveniently by Dr. Whitley Stokes in "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" (Rolls Series, 1887) and by Dr. E. Hogan in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, 1882-83. Though the earliest MSS. of these documents date from the first half of the ninth century, they were undoubtedly extant in the sixth century, and Professor Bury has triumphantly proved their authenticity as genuine writings of St. Patrick against the criticisms of Professors Zimmer and Pflugk-Harttung.

In this grove play the "Confession of Patrick" has been followed literally in the speeches of St. Patrick in the first scene. The deductions of Professor Bury, as to the birth-place of St. Patrick, the chronology of his life, the province of his servitude, his relations with Palladius, the nature of his mission, the probability of the events at Tara, his disputes with the druids and his personality, have been closely followed, and I must express my deep obligations which I cannot state on every page, to Professor Bury's

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"The Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History," London and New York, The Macmillan Company, 1905.

It would be pedantic to give a long list of the books that have been laid under contribution for the argument and text of this grove play, or to defend in a work, which is avowedly imaginative, though based on historical sources and deductions, my views on early Irish civilization and religion. The antiquity of the legends of St. Patrick, such as those of the lighting of the paschal fire on the Beltane feast, of the contest with the druids and of the raising of the ghost of Cuchulainn, is very great, and they are characteristic of the centuries of the spread of Christianity, in which they arose. The difficulties, which St. Patrick is represented as meeting and the way in which he met them, can be illustrated from the lives of many missionaries. The story of the spread of Christianity under the wing of Rome is the most important subject in the history of modern civilization, and I make no apology in dealing with it in a serious vein at a gathering of the flower of the most modern and most recently founded civilization in the world, that of California. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco stands for the most characteristic manifestation of this most western, American, Californian civilization in its grove play, and to the members of the Club at their annual outing, the traditional "High Jinks," this study of the life and work of the patron saint of Ireland, the home of the most western, European, Celtic civilization, is now offered.

The form followed is that of recent grove plays with the exception that Care is not symbolized and that a "Victim of Care" is substituted. For this bold departure from Grove Play traditions I am alone responsible and I hope the veterans of the Bohemian Club will be lenient to me for thus transgressing. Mr. Porter Garnett has shown the trend of the development of the grove plays in his admirable book "The Bohemian Jinks, a Treatise," San

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Francisco, The Bohemian Club, 1908, and I have but harked back to the idea set forth by Dr. Arnold in his *High Jinks* of 1901, "The Enigma of Life," the first, which I had the pleasure of witnessing. In an attempt to get the form and rhythm of Irish songs I have in "The Song of Connaught" deliberately imitated Lionel Johnson's "To Morfydd" and in "The Song of Ulster" Moira O'Neill's "A Broken Song," both reprinted in "A Little Garland of Celtic Verse," Portland, Maine, T. B. Mosher, 1907.

Last I must thank a crowd of collaborators for their assistance. The whole Bohemian Club seems to have stretched out its hands to help, as was to be expected from a body of men, to whom club membership means a closer bond of friendship than exists in other clubs. But my special thanks are due to the last and present boards of directors, and to their respective jinks committees, who have given ungrudging and unstinted help. I cannot mention the individual actors and singers, who have given liberally their time and best efforts to make the play a success, but I can never forget their kindness, nor the valuable aid their experience has afforded to me. The music of my friend, Mr. Wallace Sabin, is worthy of the theme, and the club will surely recognize the talent of the composer, though I alone can know the vast amount of care and labor he has expended; as far as the songs and choruses are concerned he deserves all the credit, as I have been but the librettist to his musical invention. Mr. Frank Mathieu has devoted his patience and energy to the work of giving dramatic value to the first attempt of a novice in the art of dramatic composition and the merit of such stage-craft as there may be in this grove play is entirely due to him. Mr. Edward J. Duffey has handled the lighting upon the hillside with the peculiar skill, which is his own, and has shown positive genius in elaborating new means to give full impressiveness to the unique stage, which the Bohemian Club possesses among the redwoods.

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Mr. George Lyon is responsible for the mechanical effectiveness of the stage setting. To my dear friends and colleagues at the Academy of Pacific Coast History and the University of California, Mr. F. J. Teggart and Mr. Porter Garnett, I am indebted for constant aid and sympathy; the former has placed his encyclopædic knowledge and daring originality of thought and feeling freely at my service; the latter has been my guide from the length of his experience of the Grove and the mastery of its mysteries and possibilities in multitudinous details, and in particular has designed the costumes for the play and superintended the production of this book; without their loving care and encouragement this play would never have been produced. And last I must make acknowledgment of my debt to Dr. John Wilson Shiels, good friend, kind physician, and past president of the Bohemian Club, whose dramatic insight suggested the human interest in the play, when it was first sketched out to him in conversation, and whose suggestion of the climax gives to it whatever dramatic value it may possess.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

ARGUMENT

IN THE year 432 A.D., the news spread over Ireland that a band of missionaries from continental Europe had landed to preach the gospel of Christianity, headed by a Briton, named Patricius or Patrick, who had been consecrated a bishop for that purpose in Gaul. The Christian religion was already known in the southern Province of Munster through British slaves and captives in war, and in the previous year a certain Palladius had been designated by Pope Celestine for the correction of the Pelagian heresy among them, but he had died in Leinster shortly after arriving upon his mission. At the news of the landing of Patrick, the High King of all Ireland, has summoned the kings or chiefs of the kingdoms of Ireland to meet at the holy Hill of Tara in the Meath to consider the way in which the Christian missionaries should be received.

The condition of Ireland in 432 was a condition of tribal warfare. It was true that each of the provinces recognized a sort of supreme chief or king, and that these kings generally elected at this time as high king or *ardrigh*, the King of the Meath, the central province, in which the sacred Hill of Tara was situated. But the powers of the high king were very limited, and he presided, rather than ruled over Ireland. Occasionally the kings all met at Tara to discuss national questions, but the decisions taken by the council were not binding, and the high king or *ardrigh* had no power to enforce them. Such a council has been called to discuss the preaching of St. Patrick, and this is the moment chosen for the action of the grove play.¹ The

¹ "Now it was a custom of the High Kings to hold a great celebration, called the Feast of Tara, to which the under-kings were invited. It was an opportunity for discussing the common affairs of the realm."—Bury, p. 112.

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Hill of Tara was surrounded by temporary booths and each king of a province arrived, attended by a large body of retainers. The *ardrigh*, King of Meath, presided and prepared the meeting place and the necessary banquets. The ruins of the old banqueting hall, the only permanent building at Tara, are still to be seen.

The kings of the five provinces of Ireland exercised as little power over the tribes within their limits, as the high king exercised over them. Each tribe or "sept" was a political unit, and had its own laws and customs, and the different tribes were always fighting against each other and against the king of the province. The power of each king and tribal chieftain depended on his personal qualities, and the custom of "Tanistry," by which a successor to each king and tribal chieftain was chosen at the same time as the actual ruler, provided an endless opportunity for rebellion and civil war. While the kings and chieftains were the rulers in peace and the leaders in war, the most important persons next to them in the kingdoms and tribes were the "brehons" or judges. These officials preserved the laws of the tribes;—whence the old Irish laws are known as the "Brehon Laws." The druids were rather soothsayers and diviners than priests, and they expounded the official religion of the Irish people. The old Irish literature frequently describes their religious controversies with St. Patrick, and therefore much of the dispute with Patrick in this grove play has been put into the mouths of the brehons and druids, rather than into the mouths of the kings, who were rather rulers and warriors.

Ireland had never been conquered by the Romans and had never been part of the Roman Empire, and therefore had neither roads nor cities nor commerce nor Christianity in the fifth century after Christ. Its organization was purely tribal; its civilization was purely pastoral; its religion was purely nature-worship. It represented the untouched development of Celtic life, Celtic literature and

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Celtic religion. Elsewhere, in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, Celtic life had been destroyed or modified by the Roman conquest, and what was left of Celtic ideals and Celtic customs in Cornwall, Wales, Galway, and the Highlands of Scotland, was more or less affected by the neighborhood of the Roman Empire. So from Irish literature alone can be obtained an idea of the unaffected Celtic life and religion. But the remains of Irish literature that have come down to us, such as the Book of Kells, the Book of Armagh, the Book of Lismore and the Book of the Dun Cow, were all put together after the acceptance of Christianity by the Irish people, and it is therefore difficult to pick out the unadulterated truth about the life and religion of the Irish people in pre-Christian days. Our best source for their religion is in the legends of St. Patrick and of the way in which he converted the Irish to Christianity. Of these legends free use has been made in the grove play, especially in the story of the paschal fire and of the appearance of the ghost of Cuchulainn. Our best source for a knowledge of the early Irish life is in the Brehon Laws, and these have been drawn upon for the general setting.

The early Irish religion seems to have been pure nature-worship. Like other races in the pastoral stage of civilization, the Irish were terrified by the forces of nature, by the sun and the thunder, by the succession of the seasons and of night to day, and they worshiped the sun, the fruitful earth, which gave pasture to their cattle, their sole source of wealth, and the trees and bushes and green grass. They had hardly got to the stage of conceiving a god of nature behind the powers of nature, nor had they gone far on the road to worshiping moral and physical qualities. Though they did not actually worship ancestors, they yet revered the memory of heroes, and gave them superhuman powers, as in the stories of Fingal and Cuchulainn. Of a different type was their reverence for the memory of historic heroes, such as Cormac Mac Art, the mythical

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lawgiver of Munster, round whose name had gathered tales of legislative wisdom, and Niall of the Nine Hostages, the warrior leader who had harried Roman Britain.

The treatment of the five kings, the five druids and the five brehons is purely imaginative, but it is based upon certain historical characteristics of the pre-Christian people of Ireland. The most beautiful poetry of early Ireland is of Ulster origin. The stories of the Red Branch, the songs of nature poetry, the poetical tales of warfare, the mysterious legends of tribal sleep, all bear witness to the effect of the wild scenery of northern Ireland upon a poor and poetical race of mountaineers and seafarers. For this reason, the Brehon and Druid from Oriel, one of the three kingdoms of Ulster, are represented as enthusiasts with a poetical love of nature, with a fervid adoration of the old religion, the old gods and the old heroes, and with a shuddering horror at the idea of worshipping "a dead man." Both of them and the King of Oriel are represented as belonging to the straight-haired, black-haired type of Celtic Irishman, full of mysticism and poetry, and to one of them is assigned a religious Irish song. Munster, the southern province of Ireland, is contrasted with Ulster. Munster abounds in good pasturage and is rich in fat cattle; the price of butter is still fixed in Cork market; and the man from Munster with his rich Cork brogue is the typical Irish humorist. Therefore the King and the Brehon and Druid of Munster are represented as jolly, red-haired, corpulent Irish Celts; the Brehon has a drinking song; the King tries good-naturedly to stop all trouble; they are good-natured, irresponsible and full of fun. They are horrified at the ascetic side of Patrick's teaching—no more fun, drink and jollity. While Ulster shivers at replacing the worship of beautiful living things of nature by the worship of a dead man, Munster shrinks from giving up the joys of life for self-denial and fasting and prayer. Leinster, the eastern province, represents political, Celtic

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Ireland. Its closer touch with Wales and Britain caused the Leinster king to fear in Christianity not the religion nor the asceticism, but the overthrow of the old tribal life and government. Christianity in continental Europe had associated itself with the Roman government; the Pope at Rome supported settled civilization; obedience and discipline were the key-notes of the Roman Church; Patrick brought his mission from Rome; and Christianity would mean settled law instead of ancient custom, and it would also mean a hierarchy of ecclesiastical and civil officials in the place of the old individual freedom under patriarchal leadership. This is made the basis of the opposition of the King of Leinster to Patrick's preaching.

But the Celtic civilization in Ireland overlaid a still older civilization. The legends of the wars between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danann bring this out clearly. In the wild and barren western province of Ireland, Connaught, are still to be seen men of the pre-Celtic race—especially in the Joyce country in Galway—short, stocky, men with hard round skulls, covered with short, bristly, black hair. The King of Connaught in the grove play represents this pre-Celtic race—a bestial, ferocious creature, a slave to his passions, and ever ready to fight. To him the loathsome part of Patrick's teaching is the call for restraining his passions, and especially the gospel of peace. His brehon is of the same type, but with some finer instincts. He is affected by dwelling on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; he recalls the vague stories of sailors drifting away over the ocean to a mythical western continent; he, like his king, shrinks from Patrick's doctrine, but not so crudely. To him the ocean and the setting sun are religion; and human passions are sacred. He is loyal to his king with the loyalty of a dog, and he is ready with his own life to defend the crimes and vices of his chief. His druid knows that the old religion must pass away and in "The Song of Connaught" states the belief that a new

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religion would come from the west, from across the Atlantic Ocean.

Meath, the middle kingdom, which touched all the others, always stood in historic times for the unity of Ireland. It was the smallest of the five kingdoms and had no sea coast; it contained the holy Hill of Tara, where the Irish chieftains occasionally met; and its king was during this period habitually chosen *ardrigh* or presiding king of all Ireland, partly because of the central position of his kingdom. The King of Meath in the grove play represents the love of Ireland, a nation; he appears as an old man with white hair and beard; his druid chants the praises of Ireland in "The Song of Erin," and he himself shows a passionate love for her and her past and her heroes of old time. His opposition to Patrick's preaching lies in its rejection of her ancestral faith, in its renunciation of her ancestral heroes and it is to convince him that Patrick raises the ghost of Cuchulainn. The historic Laogaire, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and contemporary of St. Patrick, was King of Meath and High King or *ardrigh* of all Ireland from 425 A. D. to 463 A. D. During his reign the *Senchus Mor*, or code of Irish laws, was drawn up, and many councils are recorded to have taken place at Tara. He showed himself tolerant to Christianity, which was embraced by many of his relatives, but he himself refused to be converted and remained faithful to his ancestral religion. Many legends are told of his interviews with St. Patrick and of his obstinate paganism. He fought many wars with Leinster, not always with success, and was killed during one of them in 463, just two years after the death of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick, whose arrival at the Hill of Tara is the spring of the action of the grove play, and the chief points of whose arguments over the thirty years of his mission up and down Ireland, are concentrated into a single day, was born in 389 A. D., and was therefore a man of forty-three at

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the time of his coming to Ireland in 432 A. D. He was born of a Romanized Celtic stock in South Wales—the old identification of Bannaventa with Dumbarton in Scotland has been disproved by Professor Bury—and in his “Confession” he describes how he was stolen by Irish pirates in his boyhood and made to work as a slave herd-boy for many years. He came of a family which had taken part in the government of his native place, and was bred a Christian. During his slave days, he fell in love with the beauty of the Irish scenery and the character of the Irish people, their many virtues and general charm, and legend says that he vowed that if ever he escaped from slavery, he would seek the support of the Holy Father, the Pope, at Rome and would return to convert the Irish people to Christianity. In his “Confession” he describes how he did escape and went to Gaul, and his own account is closely followed in the first scene of the grove play. He made his way to Lérins, a little island religious community in the Mediterranean, off the southern coast of France, and there received the rudiments of a religious education. But he never became very well educated and he complains in his “Confession” of his lack of literary facility and his “*rusticitas*.” In 418 he visited his relatives in Britain, and it was there that in a dream he felt himself summoned to the work of converting the Irish to Christianity. He went to Auxerre, in Gaul, where he was ordained deacon by Bishop Amator, and he was on his way to Ireland, thirteen years later, when he was suddenly called back to Auxerre, consecrated a bishop by Saint Germanus, and appointed to the Irish mission in the place of Palladius in 431. The chief events of St. Patrick’s later life, apart from the incidents of his missionary journeys in Ireland, were his visit to Rome during the papacy of Leo the Great in 441, and his selection and foundation of Armagh, in Ulster, as the primatial or metropolitan church of Ireland in 444. It is quite certain that Christianity was already established in the south

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of Ireland before Patrick arrived, but it had no organization or regular standing as part of the religious scheme of Christendom. Patrick is said to have converted all Ireland by the time of his death in 461 A. D. The legends of his teaching and preaching show him to have possessed ready wit, much controversial power and a fund of human sympathy.

"The bitter hostility of the druids," writes Professor Bury, "and the relations of Laogaire to Patrick were worked up by Irish imagination into a legend which ushers in the saint upon the scene of his work with great spectacular effect. The story represents him as resolving to celebrate the first Easter after his landing in Ireland on the Hill of Slaney, which rises high above the left bank of the Boyne at about twelve miles from its mouth. On the night of Easter eve he and his companions lit the paschal fire, and on that self-same night it so chanced that the King of Ireland held a high and solemn festival in his palace at Tara, where the kings and nobles of the land gathered together. It was the custom that on that night of the year no fire should be lit until a fire had been kindled with solemn ritual in the royal house." (Bury, p. 104.) With this incident begins the grove play.

THE PLOT OF THE PLAY

IT IS the morning of Easter Sunday, in the spring of 432 A. D. The steward of the *ardrigh*, or presiding king of all Ireland, at that time the King of Meath, is directing the preparations of the servants for the council of the kings of the provinces of Ireland, who have been summoned to Tara to decide upon the policy to be adopted toward Patrick, the news of whose arrival in Ireland, and of whose mission, has stirred all Irish hearts. The hour is just before sunrise, when suddenly there flares upon the horizon the red light of a fire. The steward and servants are horrified, for it is the feast of Beltane, and an old law strictly forbade, under pain of death, the lighting of any fire, except by the druids upon that day. It is the paschal fire, lit by Patrick for the celebration of the Easter sacrifice.

The sun rises and the music of an Irish march is heard. Then five processions enter by different entrances; first, the King and Brehon of Leinster in their saffron colored robes, with a druid in white and their retainers in light blue; they take their seats to the right of the stage; another blare of the march, and the King and Brehon of Munster, with another druid, enter with their retainers in dark blue; they take their place to the left of the stage; another blare of the march and the Connaught procession enters, clad in dark red, and they take their place to the right of the High King's throne; another blare of the march and the Ulster procession enters, clad in bright red, and take their place to the left of the High King's throne; the march rises in intensity and the old High King enters with his brehon and his druid and his retainers in green, and takes his seat

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in the center of the stage. The music ceases, and the High King signs to his brehon to open the matter, which all have assembled to discuss, when the steward rushes forward and interrupts him with the news that the edict against fire has been infringed and that a red blaze has been seen on the horizon. The Kings of Oriel and Connaught demand the immediate punishment of the offender, though from different standpoints; the Kings of Munster and Leinster counsel mildness and delay, though from different standpoints; the High King accepts this counsel and sends his steward with twelve men, namely, the four servants and two chosen from the retainers of each of the other four kings, to bring the offender before the council. As they go up the hillside, the fire flares up for a last moment.

The council opens with a speech from the Brehon of Meath, describing the reason for the summons, and the treatment of Patrick is being discussed, when there enters an Irish chieftain, a sad and melancholy man, whose saffron robe is tattered and whose misery is written on his face. He tells his tale. He bears the burden of Care. He tells how his home has been burned, how his chaste wife has been ravished and his children slain. Attempts are made to comfort him, when suddenly the King of Leinster shows him the grinning face of the King of Connaught. It flashes across the chieftain that it is the King of Connaught, his neighbor and lord, who has done him this wrong. Hope of revenge flashes up and he dashes at the King of Connaught with his dagger drawn. The Brehon of Connaught leaps forward to meet the blow and save his master, while the King continues to grin sardonically, but shows no fear. The chieftain is at last subdued, and removed to be brought before the council at a later session. At this moment the "*Pange Lingua*" is heard from the hill-top, and at the top of the hillside is seen a procession approaching. It is led by a crucifer bearing a cross; he is followed by Patrick in his episcopal robes, and by eight

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missionaries chanting the processional; and after them come the steward of the High King with the twelve men, who had been sent to bring the offender who had lighted the forbidden fire. Those on the stage watch the procession.

When Patrick and his followers reach the stage, the steward declares that he has brought the offender who had lit the forbidden fire. Patrick explains the circumstances, describes his early slave life in Ireland, expounds his mission, and expresses his longing to see Ireland Christian. He is interrupted on all sides, when the High King rises, declares the council adjourned, and announces that the whole matter will be discussed after the usual feast and revels. The kings and their retainers retire to the music of the Irish march in the reverse order from that in which they entered; Patrick looks sadly after them. The missionaries again chant the "*Pange Lingua*," and leave the stage, escorted by the steward. The stage darkens and an intermezzo is played by the orchestra.

The second episode begins with the entrance of the retainers of the kings, noisy, exhilarated, and partially intoxicated. The Brehon of Muster leads in a drinking song which is followed by the dancing of an Irish jig. Enter the kings themselves from the banquet. The King of Connaught is quarrelsome drunk; the King of Munster mellow with liquor; the King of Leinster has drunk enough to loosen his tongue; the King of Ulster is sober and looks cynically on the the noisy scene, while his druid is sober and indignant; the old High King takes his seat, looking sadly at the spectacle of such riotous behavior, but yet sympathetically at the joyous nature of the scene. The tumult is hushed; the drunken King of Munster falls into a drunken sleep; and, by the High King's orders, Patrick and his missionaries are introduced by one entrance, under escort of the steward, and the chieftain, the victim of Care, under the escort of the Brehon of Leinster, by another.

Patrick looks sternly round, perceives the continued

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excitement in the air and sees that his opportunity has come. The victim of Care has resumed the sadness of his original entrance, but glances from time to time in fierce anger at his enemy, the King of Connaught, who grins back at him in drunken malevolence. The Brehon of Connaught watches the chieftain heedfully, ready at any moment to protect his king. The King and Brehon of Leinster show by their actions their sympathy with the chieftain. On the other side of the stage, the King and the Brehon of Ulster watch every movement and listen to every word of Patrick, while the King of Munster is in a drunken sleep and the Brehon of Munster fuddled but awake. The High King presides with dignity. The chieftain is at his entrance utterly indifferent to Patrick, but he gradually becomes absorbed in his words and approaches closer to him.

The High King calls on Patrick to speak. Patrick speaks. As he speaks of the universal character of Christendom and the greatness of Rome, the King of Leinster interrupts and praises the individualism and the political and social freedom of the Irish Celts. Then as Patrick speaks of the sobriety of Christianity, the Brehon of Munster interrupts with the praise of liquor, as "gods' good creature;" Patrick catches his tone and playfully promises to drive all the snakes out of Ireland, since these snakes are largely the result of the drunkard's fuddled brain. Then Patrick speaks of the virtues of Christianity and of his God as the God of Peace. The King of Connaught brutally interrupts and shouts his praise of fighting and vice. Then Patrick attacks druidism and the Druid of Oriel opposes Patrick's teaching as unpatriotic and sacrilegious. The chieftain, victim of Care, is attracted by an allusion to immortality and comes up close to Patrick. Then the High King, in solemn words, speaks of the ancestral heroes of Ireland, and asks if they, even the great Cuchulainn, are damned because they were not Christians. To this argument Patrick replies with dignity; he calls on

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

God to aid him; his missionaries chant; Patrick prays aloud; he waves his arm; and the spirit of Cuchulainn appears. A brief dialogue ensues, taken as nearly as possible in the very words of the old Irish legend; and the spirit or ghost of Cuchulainn disappears, leaving the whole council profoundly impressed. By this time the effect of the riotous drinking is passing away. But Patrick has not yet convinced them. Surely the old beautiful nature gods, their old tribal freedom, their old jolly pleasures, their old indulgence in war and vice, are preferable to this cold new faith in a "gibbeted man." The human touch is lacking. It comes. The chieftain, victim of care and sorrow, tells his tale briefly to Patrick; and Patrick sympathetically hears him, tells him of an after-life, of a heaven, where all care and sorrow are forgotten, of a place where he may meet his loved ones again. The crowd is touched; the victim of Care declares his belief in the new religion, and kneels before Patrick begging to be received into the church that promises such solace for care and sorrow. Suddenly, angered at the attitude of the council and its rallying to Patrick's side, the Druid of Oriel dashes at Patrick with his dagger drawn and strikes at him; but the chieftain, victim of Care, springs to save Patrick and receives the blow. As he sinks to the ground, he asks for a further proof of the truth of the religion he has just embraced; the Kings of Leinster and Oriel hold him up, and Patrick waves his arm thrice toward the hillside, where a great white cross appears. The missionaries chant the "*Veni Creator*"; the crowd all fall upon their knees, except the High King and the druids; even the King of Munster is awakened and flops on his knees; even the King of Connaught is awed; the forest is illuminated behind the cross; the music indicates the victory of the Christian chant over the music of the opening Irish march; Patrick raises his hand in blessing over the dying victim of Care, who slowly sinks back dead.

*Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean;
The world has grown grey from thy breath.*
—Swinburne.

*When the half-gods go,
The gods arrive.*
—Emerson.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE HIGH KING (King of Meath)	MR. FRANK P. DEERING
THE BREHON OF MEATH	MR. EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO
A DRUID OF MEATH	MR. T. V. BAKEWELL
THE KING OF ORIEL IN ULSTER	MR. CHARLES K. FIELD
THE BREHON OF ORIEL	MR. OSCAR FRANK
A DRUID FROM ORIEL	MR. W. H. SMITH, JR
THE KING OF LEINSTER	MR. ALLAN DUNN
THE BREHON OF LEINSTER	MR. I. O. UPHAM
A DRUID FROM LEINSTER	MR. WYATT H. ALLEN
THE KING OF MUNSTER	MR. WALDEMAR YOUNG
THE BREHON OF MUNSTER	MR. W. B. HOPKINS
A DRUID FROM MUNSTER	MR. RUFUS STEELE
THE KING OF CONNAUGHT	MR. R. C. NEWELL
THE BREHON OF CONNAUGHT	MR. FRANK A. CORBUSIER
A DRUID FROM CONNAUGHT	MR. LOWELL REDFIELD
THE STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING	MR. W. H. ROBINSON
THE APPARITION OF CUCHULAINN	MR. H. McD. SPENCER
A CHIEFTAIN	DR. J. WILSON SHIELS
PATRICK	MR. R. M. HOTALING
THE CRUCIFER	MR. J. D. FLETCHER

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FIRST SERVANT	MR. JOHN C. DORNIN
SECOND SERVANT	MR. W. J. WAYTE
THIRD SERVANT	MR. GEORGE W. TURNER
FOURTH SERVANT	MR. RALPH P. MERRITT

Retainers of the Kings, Missionaries

PLACE: The Hill of Tara, in the Meath, Ireland.

TIME: Scene I—Dawn of Easter Sunday, A.D. 432. Scene II—
Evening of the same day.

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Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting and properties designed and executed by MR. GEORGE LYON.

Costumes designed by MR. PORTER GARNETT.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

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Musical Director, MR. WALLACE A. SABIN.

Chorus Master, MR. E. D. CRANDALL.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

A Forest Play

*To the Memory of Denis O'Sullivan,
good Bohemian, good Irishman, this
forest play is lovingly and reverently
dedicated.*

SCENE I

At the foot of the Hill of Tara, in the Meath, Ireland. Preparation has been made for the Council of the Kings, which has been called upon the news of the landing of Bishop Patrick. There are five thrones for the KINGS OF ORIEL in Ulster, MUNSTER, LEINSTER, CONNAUGHT, and MEATH. The throne of the KING OF MEATH, who is Ardrigh or HIGH KING of all Ireland, is in the center; to the right, the thrones of the KINGS OF ORIEL and MUNSTER; to the left, the thrones of the KINGS OF CONNAUGHT and LEINSTER. The gray of dawn.

[The STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING enters and with him four Servants, carrying fresh brush.

THE STEWARD

This is the place,
Where meet the chiefs of Ireland to discuss
Affairs of import to the island realm,
The holy Hill of Tara; from time to time
Forgetting ancient strife and bitter war,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

They here assembled to decide the fate
Of Ireland's future and the Irish state.

FIRST SERVANT

Why meets the council at this present time?

THE STEWARD

The news arrived not many months ago
Of foreign wizards landing on this shore,
Attacking the beliefs of former days,
Disturbing with strange words the minds of men
Who worship as their fathers did of old,
And working wonders, which surpass in skill,
In miracle and in prophetic truth,
All that our druids do. This the High King,
Learning from many sources, felt to be
So great a menace to our Irish faith,
That he sent forth his summons through the land
To all the kings of Ireland to come here,
During the sacred season of Beltane,
To the old accustomed council place of kings,
The holy Hill of Tara, to decide,
What steps to take against the wizards, who
Have dared deny old Ireland's cherished gods.

SECOND SERVANT

By what name, sir, are these foul wizards called?

THE STEWARD

I know not; but the leader of the band,
A British slave, who broke his bonds and fled,
Once kept the flocks of sheep of old Miliucc.
He on returning caused the flames to fall
From heaven by magic to consume the hall
Of his old master and destroy it all.
But cease this idle talking; get to work—

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Give the last touches to the council place—
Remove the branches and the leaves that fell
During the night; make fair the thrones of kings.
For days I've labored with unceasing toil
That all things shall be fit and proper for
This morning's council. The first streaks of dawn
Show in the east. As I came through the camps,
I heard the din among the followers
Of Ireland's kings, for each is trying hard
To outshine the others, and I deem it wise
In the High King to limit close the force
That each might bring to council; else, no doubt,
Unequal strength might tempt from words to blows.
All night I watched in darkness, for the law
Of Beltane's feast is strict, that none shall light
On pain of death a fire upon this night.

*[While the STEWARD is speaking, the Servants are
busied in removing the litter of branches and
leaves.]*

THIRD SERVANT

How sit the kings in council? Why five thrones?

THE STEWARD

Here to the right sits Munster—a stout king,
Fond of strong drink and hearty jollity;
O'er Ireland's richest kingdom holds he rule,
Lord of fat cattle and of pastures green;
With him his brehon and chief druid come,
Both lusty men and worthy such a king,
With ten men more in dark blue garments clad.
And next from Ulster's northern land there comes
The King of Oriel, a black-haired chief,
Full of strange fancies and fantastic thoughts,
Adoring ancient gods and ancient rites.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

By him his sweet-voiced brehon always sits,
Charming his gloom with Red Branch legends old
And tales of Nature's beauty, till the fame
Of that sweet music spreads throughout the land.
With him there comes a druid from the north,
A ruthless worshiper of altars old
And fierce adorer of the ancient gods.

FOURTH SERVANT

And who sit, master, on the other thrones?

THE STEWARD

Over there, the savage King of Connaught—
Black-browed and bullet-headed, fierce in fight—
Belonging to an older race than the
Milesians of Erin, and he dwells
Close to the ocean with a savage horde
Of noisy ruffians, faithful to the death.

FOURTH SERVANT

My mother told me tales of these wild men,
Their love of vengeance and their cruel deeds,
Which frightened from me many an hour of sleep.

THE STEWARD

Last of our visitors there has his seat
The King of Leinster, our defeated foe,
Who has forgot his quarrel with our king,
To sit in council at this present time,
And give advice upon the issue raised.
A politic king is he, and well endowed
With Irish wit and Irish shrewdness, too,
Knowing the world well, and not terrified
By old-time gods and new-time prophecies.
He brings his brehon and a druid, too;
But asks not counsel of them like the rest,

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Being his own best counsellor, he thinks.
His band is with him, clad in brilliant blue.

FIRST SERVANT

(climbing to the HIGH KING's seat, and clearing it of leaves)
This, then, must be the seat of Laogaire,
High King of Ireland, our most gracious lord,
Since it o'erlooks the rest, and he presides
In Ireland's councils.

SECOND SERVANT *(aiding him)*

But he is also
King of the Meath, our middle kingdom famed,
Which touches all the others, and itself
Is heart of Ireland, for its bounds include
This holy Hill of Tara where we pray.

THE STEWARD

Yes, make all fit for good King Laogaire,
High King of Ireland, valiant, wise, and just,
Who ne'er forgives an injury, yet holds
Rein on his passions; whose reverend age
Makes the more youthful listen, and whose fame
Makes them obey; who loving well the old
Yet lends his ear when novel tales are told.

[Red flame flashes up on the hillside.]

THIRD SERVANT

Master! the flame!

FOURTH SERVANT

Look how it flashes bright!

FIRST SERVANT

The heaven's afire!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SECOND SERVANT

It reddens all in sight!

THE STEWARD

What means this fire on Beltane's sacred night?
The law is known. The punishment is death.
All night I watched in darkness for the dawn,
Despite official duties pressing me.

[The flame flares up again.]

It seems to come from Slaney, just across
The valley, and some stranger must have lit
A blazing bonfire, for no son of Meath
Could have ignored the law.

[The flame dies down.]

Now it dies down—

I must at once to the High King repair
And tell him of this sacrilegious fire.
For from the other scarpment of the hill
The light could not be seen.

(moving as though to leave)

But 't is too late;

I hear the tramp of footsteps coming near.

(returning)

So I must wait until the chiefs are set
And in full council tell this fearful crime
And breach of Beltane's laws. Stand ye right here,
While I prepare to marshal forth the kings.

[The Leinster procession enters, led by the KING OF LEINSTER, walking ahead of his BREHON and DRUID, and followed by ten Retainers in light blue.]

MEN OF LEINSTER *(singing)*

We are sons of glorious Leinster,
From the east we come;

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

We are sons of glorious Leinster,
Fair is our eastern home.
Our land is rich in harbors fair,
We sail the Irish Sea,
Others with us can not compare,
Strong and brave and free.

[*The Munster procession enters, led by the KING OF MUNSTER, singing merrily, with one arm around his BREHON, who carries a jar of liquor and two cups, and with his DRUID by his side, followed by ten Retainers in dark blue.*]

MEN OF MUNSTER (*singing*)

Munster men are we, lusty fellows we,
From the south we come;
We, the sons of happy Munster,
Love our southern home.
Where the land is rich with verdure
Hearts from care are free;
Where the sky is bright, and the work is light,
Men of the south are we.

[*The Connaught procession enters, led by the KING OF CONNAUGHT, stalking ahead and scowling, followed at some distance by his BREHON and DRUID and by ten Retainers in dark red.*]

MEN OF CONNAUGHT (*singing*)

We, the men of rock-bound Connaught,
From the west have come;
We, the war-like sons of Connaught,
Sing of our western home,
Where the ocean breeze is surging
Through the fog and mist.
To the fight we need no urging,
Hard of heart and fist.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The Ulster procession enters, led by the KING OF ORIEL in friendly guise with his BREHON and DRUID followed by ten Retainers in bright red.*]

MEN OF ULSTER (*singing*)

We, the valiant sons of Ulster,
From our hills have come;
From the cold, bleak winds of Ulster,
From our northern home.
Where the ancient gods are loved now,
As they were of old,
And the Red Branch legends tell how
Men were brave and bold.

[*The HIGH KING's procession enters. Twelve Retainers in green march first, in the same quick step as the others, singing, and are followed by the HIGH KING, walking very slowly and bowing to the other kings, closely supported by his BREHON and DRUID.*]

MEN OF MEATH (*singing*)

We are men of central Ireland,
Middle Meath our home;
Dwelling in the heart of Ireland
All the land's our home.
Here old Ireland's life we cherish
'Neath our holy hill;
Here all wrath and discords perish;
Ireland a nation still!

[*All take their seats, grouped round the five thrones.*]

THE HIGH KING

Welcome to Tara! Now the hour has come
When we in solemn council must resolve
What steps to take to save old Ireland's faith.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Welcome, ye chiefs of Ireland—welcome all;
Welcome, ye brehons, who expound the law;
Welcome, ye druids, who preserve the faith!

(*to his* DRUID)

Open the meeting in accustomed form.

THE DRUID OF MEATH

Arise, ye druids, from north, east, west, south.

[*The other Druids rise from their seats, and, led by the DRUID OF MEATH, turn to the north, east, west, and south, raising their hands and looking at the sky.*]

THE DRUIDS

The day is propitious, the auguries are fair.

THE BREHON OF MEATH

The Council is opened—

[*The STEWARD comes forward, raises his hand, checks the BREHON OF MEATH in the very act of speaking, attracts all eyes, creates silence by his gestures, and addresses the HIGH KING.*]

THE STEWARD

Hear me, my lords,

Ye chiefs and priests of Ireland. As the dawn
Showed in the east this day, and as we set
The place for this great meeting, forth there flashed
Bright flames from Slaney right across the sky,
Reddening the heavens and startling all who saw.
Whether by mortal or immortal hands
The fire was lit, I know not, but the law
Of Beltane's sacred feast by act of man
Or act of god was broken, and I deemed
It was my duty to acquaint ye all
With this strange portent 'ere the council met.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

What says the prophecy, that from of old
Forbids the lighting of the wonted fires
On Beltane's feast, until the sacred flame
Is started with due rites by holy priest?
Whenever starts a fire on spring's first morn,
Not lit by druid's hand,
Not fed by druid's breath,
Not blessed by druid's prayer,
The ancient faith of Ireland will give way,
The druid faith, before the doctrines new
Of the new god, who lit the fated flame.
Therefore, the druids made the sacred law
To save their faith from peril, that the man
Who lights such fire shall surely die the death.
My mind misgives me that the fatal day
For Ireland's druid faith has dawned at last,
And that the British preacher, whose onset
Upon our faith has caused this council here,
Makes thus his challenge to our trembling fear.
But we invoke the law.

[*He turns to the KING OF ORIEL and then to THE
HIGH KING.*

My chief and I,
Druid and King of Oriel, demand
The instant punishment of death upon
The sacrilegious lighter of the fire
Of which the Steward tells us.

THE BREHON OF CONNAUGHT

(*catching the idea from his king, who smiles grimly*)

My chief, too,
Demands the punishment of death, for he
Holds that no council rightly is begun
Without the human victim whom our sires

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Slew to win favor from the gods above
In the brave days of Ireland's ancient faith.

THE KING OF LEINSTER (*interrupting*)

Peace to such cruel counsel. I demand
That due inquiry shall be made, and that
No man, however guilty, be condemned,
Without a hearing; for too long have we
Been swayed by druid priests, and bowed too long
To barbarous customs of the savage west.

THE KING OF MUNSTER

For my part, this long council makes me dry.
Give me to drink—

[*He turns to his BREHON, who gives him a cup, which
he drains.*]

And let us not discuss
Shedding men's blood and such like horrid deeds.

THE HIGH KING

I grant the justice of the druids' plaint;
The law has been infringed; I, like Connaught,
Hold close by ancient usage; but I yield
To Leinster's plea for judgment, slow and sure.
Give order, brehon, for the bringing here
At once, without delay, of all who shared
In breaking Beltane's law on this spring morn.

THE BREHON OF MEATH (*to the STEWARD*)

Go toward Slaney, where the fire was seen,
Taking twelve men, of whom four of thine own
And two selected from each chieftain's train.
Find and bring straight before the council here,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Without permitting e'en the least delay,
All who have broken the most sacred law
By lighting fires upon the Beltane feast.

[*The STEWARD selects his men, four of his own, the four Servants who were with him in the opening scene, takes two from the Retainers of each of the four kings, and, marshaling them, bows to the HIGH KING and goes up the hillside; the rest watch them; the light flares up for the last time. While the STEWARD is selecting the Retainers and marching up the hillside with them, the BREHON OF CONNAUGHT is still showing his indignation at the slurs cast upon the "savage west." He rises from his seat to protest.*

THE BREHON OF CONNAUGHT

We are no savages. We know full well
That some day from the west new gods shall come.
The oldest folk in Ireland, we recall
Old legends echoed back by sailors bold
Whose ships have drifted to the setting sun.
These echoes, carried by the winds and waves,
Have told us that some day new gods will rise,
That in the furthest west the future lies.

[*The DRUID OF CONNAUGHT steps forward and sings the Song of Connaught.*

THE DRUID OF CONNAUGHT (*singing*)

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where Connaught lies:
There keen are the winds,
And storm-tossed the waters,
Darkling the skies.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
A new spirit cries:
"Oh, who rules these winds?
And who stirs these waters?
The old gods denies?"

Across the wild waves,
Across western waters,
The answer flies:
"Beyond these fierce winds,
Beyond these rough waters,
The future lies."

Yes, down the loud winds,
And o'er the blue waters,
Old Ocean replies:
Above the high winds,
Above the cold waters,
Though wild be the winds,
And rough be the waters,
The new gods arise.

THE HIGH KING

Brehon, the time has come now to discuss
The matter which has led me here to call
The chiefs of Ireland. Open thou the cause.

THE BREHON OF MEATH

Kings, brehons, druids, all, give ear,
And hearken to the words that I shall say:
Upon the coast of Ireland late there came
A former slave, of British birth, who fled
From bondage more than twenty years ago.
He now returns, and, working magic spells

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And showing wonders, has bewitched men's minds
So that they doubt the gods of olden time.
Hearing these tidings, wise King Laogaire,
Remembering prophecies of ancient days,
And fearing for the life of druid faith,
Resolved to summon here a council great,

Such as is wont to meet at solemn feasts
To settle matters of the common weal.
The High King deems it well all should agree
To face this peril with united strength.
Full well he knows that Irishmen hold fast
Their fathers' faith, but also well he knows
Concerted action only can be had
After due consultation and debate.
So now he asks your counsel, one and all,
To lure this British wizard to his fall.

THE KING OF LEINSTER

The High King knows that Irish chiefs are free,
And able to take care of their own lands;
His petty realm of Meath, as all men know,
Exists by my forbearance, and my septs,
The valiant men of Leinster, oft have shown
That Laogaire is king in name alone
Over all Ireland—

[The men of Meath spring from their seats with indignation, but are quieted by the HIGH KING.]

And my counsel is
That wizard against wizard should be set.
This Briton brings his spells from far away;
The druids fear him; therefore, let them show
That they are stronger; let the contest be
Free, without favor. When this stranger came,

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

And one before him, singing the same song,
I let them stay in Leinster, for I know
That many men have many faiths abroad,
And that the world is not by druids ruled.
My people know of Britain and of Gaul;
They know of Rome; they are not savage folk
Of inner Ireland, who all new thoughts shun
Because they're new; and I a kingdom rule,
Fairest and best in Ireland, where no priest
Opens his mouth without my leave, and where
Druids and bards are silent and obey.

THE KING OF MUNSTER

"Fairest and best in Ireland"! but I say
That Munster fields are richer; Munster men
Braver and happier; a land of peace,
Where druids share their lord's repast
And make no trouble; where the Christians,
For so these British slaves do call themselves,
Have long been with us, and have caused no strife.
If this new wizard comes to spread the faith
Of Christians, have no fear, for he will do
No harm to Ireland's ancient joy and peace.
If this be all the question, let us now
Adjourn to revel, for the feast is all
That draws us here from Munster, and, meanwhile,
Give me to drink, for talking fosters thirst.

[He turns to his BREHON, who gives him the cup; he drinks, then passes it back to the BREHON, who drains it.]

THE KING, BREHON, AND DRUID OF CONNAUGHT

"Savage folk of inner Ireland"! down, we say,
With eastern manners and with eastern scorn.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE KING OF ORIEL *(slowly and with emphasis)*

It seems, High King, we have forgot the cause
That brought us all to Tara. And, alas!
The usual brawling threatens Ireland's peace,
And Ireland's factions ruin Ireland's hopes.
We never work together, yet the times
Are evil, and the danger now is great
That the one thing that knits all Irish hearts,
Our fathers' faith, may now be torn and lost.
I reverence the gods, and I believe
The druids are the mouthpieces of heaven,
Who know the past and future, and whose prayers
Turn the wrath from us, that would surely fall
But for the old accustomed sacrifice.
So I would bid you hear the sacred words
Of the most learned druid of them all,
Whose pious life and reverend countenance
Have won the allegiance of all Ulster men.

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

Friends—chiefs, priests, bards, our Ireland's noblest sons,
'Tis no slight danger that confronts us now.
I fear no preaching of the British slave;
Our faith is firmly fixed in heaven above.
We druids know the truth, and I demand
A meeting with this wizard face to face.
But most grieves me the readiness to hear
Strange doctrines, and the license to protect
Strange wizards, in the east and in the south.
Oh, let us keep our Irish faith intact!
What matter if we fight and burn and slay
In civil conflict—if we keep alive
Our tribal feuds that nourish Irish wit
And Irish courage—just so long as we

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Worship the same gods, utter the same prayers,
And cling together to our fathers' faith!
So keep our Ireland without stain or taint—
The land of druid faith and druid saint.

[*The BREHON OF ORIEL steps forward and sings the
Song of Ulster.*

THE BREHON OF ORIEL (*singing*)

What is my faith? 'Tis the faith of my fathers.
Who are my gods, then? The gods ever true.
What do I worship? The sweet face of nature,
Changing each day, ever old, ever new.

Who are my priests? The most holy of druids.
What do they ask for? Obedience and prayer.
What do they give me? Pure rest and contentment,
Comfort in trouble and solace from care.

Where do I dwell? In the bleak land of Ulster.
Why do I love her? She's barren and cold.
What is her charm? She inspires my devotion,
Home of religion that's richer than gold.

[*While the BREHON OF ORIEL is still singing, the
CHIEFTAIN enters, and advances, looking around
him, while the others are intent upon listening.
Attention is drawn to him; the KING OF LEIN-
STER, who does not take much interest in the
song, is the first to notice him.*

THE CHIEFTAIN (*looking round, dazed*)

Whence comes this multitude of ghosts of men?
Why sings one man? Why listen all the rest?
(*to himself*)
Do they not know that all things are a dream?

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

That gladness vanishes and that dire fate
May in a moment drown their joy in death?

THE KING OF LEINSTER

Who's this intruder? By his garb a chief,
With mind distraught, a victim of great grief.

THE BREHON OF MEATH

(after whispering to the HIGH KING)

Who art thou, man of sorrow? Who art thou,
Victim of Care? The High King fain would know
Thy purpose and thy aim in coming here,
Where Ireland's chiefs are met on Tara's hill?

THE CHIEFTAIN

(rousing himself and looking round)

The High King! Ireland's chief's and Tara's hill!
What! These are men with eyes to see and hearts
To suffer! They shall hear my wingèd words,
And, while I rend their breasts with my sad tale,
Perchance I shall find solace in my own.

THE BREHON OF CONNAUGHT

(at a glance from his king)

What have these ravings got to do with us?
Why stops the council from the stated work?
My lord demands that business be resumed.

THE CHIEFTAIN *(pulling himself together)*

Ravings, indeed, and business forsooth!
What stated work should Ireland's chiefs engage
More than consideration of foul crime
And horrid murder of defenseless babes?

[THE BREHON OF CONNAUGHT *tries to cover his king; the KING OF ULSTER, his BREHON and DRUID look fixedly at the CHIEFTAIN; the KING*

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

OF MUNSTER *shakes his head and takes a drink;*
the KING OF LEINSTER *parts his men and pre-*
 pares to step down.

THE HIGH KING

Speak, chieftain; Ireland's council is prepared
To listen to the tale thou hast to tell.

THE KING OF LEINSTER

(coming down and placing a hand on the CHIEFTAIN'S
shoulder)

High King, I recognize this man at last,
A happier, braver chief there never lived
Till care and sorrow came across his path.

THE CHIEFTAIN

Sorrow and care, aye, care and sorrow deep
Change all the aspect of the outer man,
And blight his face without, his heart within.

[He steps forward quickly and throws off the KING
OF LEINSTER'S arm.]

Listen, ye men of Ireland! I was once
The happiest of men: I had a home
Where sorrow never entered; and a wife,
Fairest and sweetest of our western maids.
Cattle I had; enough of simple wealth;
Followers who loved me and who loved my jests;
And, best of all, two lovely, smiling babes—
A boy, who had his mother's eyes and hair,
And just began to prattle sweet, fond words;
A girl, a little blossom, six months old,
Who still was wondering at the strange new world.
My days were spent in hunting and in war;
My lord, the King of Connaught, loved me well;

[There is a movement among the men of Connaught.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

I'd played with him in childhood, and he knew
My loyalty and courage, and full oft—
Too oft, so well I loved my own dear home—
He bade me to his palace, where my wife
And I were honored over other guests.

[*He looks around to see the impression he has made.*

THE KING OF ORIEL

On with your tale.

THE KING OF MUNSTER

It makes me very dry
To hear so long a story.

[*He drinks.*

THE KING OF LEINSTER

But how ends
This life of bliss and happiness below?

THE CHIEFTAIN (*striking an attitude*)

One morn I started on a hunting trip
With all my men, and as we ran along
We sang and shouted loud for very joy.
When we returned at eve, we found my home
Burned, and my cattle gone; and my two babes
Lying amidst the women's corpses, where
The signs of strife were thickest, and their blood
Sprinkled the ruins; and my baby girl
Lay with her brains dashed out against the wall.
Hearing his moans, we traced my baby boy,
Wounded but breathing, and he from my arms
Looked up for aid I could not give to him,
Until he died.
My wife, I knew, would not have left her babes
Had life been in her, so we searched and searched
Among the corpses, but 'twas all in vain,

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

For horror worse than death was kept for her.
Next morn there struggled to my ruined home,
Sore wounded by the effort she had made,
A little slave girl, who the dread tale told
Of how strange men had dragged my wife away;
Of how their leader—but I cannot tell
The shameful story—her strength failed at last—
Maddened at the resistance she had made,
He slew her, after he had had his will,
And threw her body in a mountain lake,
That I might never see her face again.
Since then I have wandered ever far and near
Imagining the horror of that scene,
And conjuring up the faces of my dead.

THE HIGH KING

And this was done in Ireland. Such a crime
Pollutes the very ears of those that hear.

THE KING OF MUNSTER

Give him to drink; let him forget his woes.

[*The BREHON OF MUNSTER goes to the CHIEFTAIN
with the cup; the CHIEFTAIN gently repulses him.*]

THE CHIEFTAIN

Forgetfulness cannot be thus attained.

THE KING OF ORIEL

Pray to the gods, man, who alone can give
Peace and repose; perchance, for thou art young,
Another white-armed wife may give thee joy.

THE CHIEFTAIN

I want no other wife. I want mine own—
My very own, the wife of my young days;

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

I want to see my children once again—
Can your gods ever give them back to me?

[*The KING OF LEINSTER during the CHIEFTAIN's recital has been watching the faces around; he has observed the conscious looks of the men of Connaught; he has observed the sullen grin on the KING OF CONNAUGHT's face; and he has guessed the truth. He now places his hand again on the CHIEFTAIN's shoulder.*

THE KING OF LEINSTER

Hast thought of vengeance, man? Who did this crime?

THE CHIEFTAIN

Vengeance? But who should wish to injure me?
No man could ever wish to injure her?
She was so good. And who had heart to hurt
My little children, innocent and sweet?
It must have been the gods or fiends from hell.
Trouble not me with vain imaginings!

[*The KING OF LEINSTER gently turns the CHIEFTAIN round and points to the KING OF CONNAUGHT, who is grinning at the scene.*

THE KING OF LEINSTER

Look there!

[*The CHIEFTAIN catches his meaning and grasps the truth.*

THE CHIEFTAIN

What! Can my king have done this thing?
My old, my trusted friend, with whom I played
In childhood's days—who honored me—and her!
I'll tear his life from out his grinning soul!
Let me have vengeance.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

[*The CHIEFTAIN rushes at the KING OF CONNAUGHT with his knife drawn; the latter continues to grin sardonically; the CHIEFTAIN rushes up the steps of his throne; the BREHON OF CONNAUGHT receives the blow and is wounded, but he throws himself on the CHIEFTAIN and saves his king. The CHIEFTAIN is secured; at a sign from the HIGH KING, the KING OF LEINSTER takes charge of the CHIEFTAIN, and some of the men of Leinster beaded by the BREHON OF LEINSTER, bustle him off the stage. As the excitement subsides the first notes are heard from the top of the hill, and PATRICK appears with his procession, consisting of the escort under the STEWARD, the CRUCIFER and eight Missionaries. The crowd below turns and looks at the descending procession; the followers of PATRICK chant the first three verses of the Easter hymn, the "Pange Lingua." When the procession reaches the foot of the hill, PATRICK, his CRUCIFER and the eight Missionaries, come forward into the open space before the thrones while the rest of the escort falls back.*

THE STEWARD

This is the man, High King, who lit the fire.
We found him making a strange sacrifice,
Clad in strange raiment, with these followers,
Chanting strange incantations, and we brought
Him hither straightway, as the order ran.

THE BREHON OF MEATH (*to PATRICK*)

Who art thou? What thy name?
And thy degree?

PATRICK

Hither I come to preach the cross of Christ.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Sucat my British, Patrick my Roman name.
Britain my birth place, where my father was
A Roman citizen of high degree;
A Roman magistrate in place of trust;
A Christian deacon active in the church.
Myself in boyhood Irish pirates seized
And sold to slavery in far Connaught.
Six years I served my master, tending flocks
And eating bitter bread of bondage,—

THE KING OF CONNAUGHT
(*interrupting*)

What!

A slave from Connaught! Then I claim this man.
Give him to me. He'll trouble us no more.

THE KING OF ORIEL

A slave from Connaught! As I heard the tale,
This Patrick was the slave of old Miliucc
In Ulster, and upon returning there,
After long absence, brought down fire from heaven
To burn his ancient home of servitude;
Or, as some say, Miliucc destroyed himself
After the landing of his former slave.

PATRICK

It matters not. For six long years I toiled,
Exile from Britain, lost to kith and kin,
Far from the empire of immortal Rome,
Hearing no church bell in a heathen land,
Where my soul starved for lack of sacred food.
And then I fled—

THE KING OF CONNAUGHT
(*interrupting*)

A slave escaped from me!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "ST. PATRICK AT TARA"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Give him to me, High King, I'll deal with him.

PATRICK (*ignoring the interruption*)

I found a ship upon the Leinster coast,
Laden with Irish wolf-hounds; thanks to God,
The sailors rough received the fugitive.
Led by His hand, I traversed stormy seas
And desert lands until in Southern Gaul
My soul found rest in Lèrins' holy isle.
Rude and uncultured was I; all the years
Most fit for study and for learning's joys
In servile labors had been spent; and I
With toilsome effort learned to read and write.
But, as I grew to manhood, more and more
God called to me in a peculiar way,
And in my dreams He oft reminded me
Of Ireland and of her light-hearted sons,
Whose merry jests and kindly spoken words
Had eased my many years of servitude.
A kindly people, but without the faith
And without knowledge of the Most High God,
And of His Son, who died upon the cross.
But, most of all, in dreams there called to me
The little unborn children of Fochlad,
Doomed not to know the gospel of the Christ,
Nor hope for their salvation. I resolved,
Poor and unlettered though I was, to preach
The gospel to them, for their little hands
Tugged at my heart strings.

THE KING OF ORIEL

Truly this man's tale
Affects me as a tale of simple truth.

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

But see you not, my lord, that he attacks

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Ireland's religion, while he moves your heart.

THE KING OF CONNAUGHT

He is my slave; give him to me, I say.

PATRICK (*unmoved*)

So I resolved to preach the gospel here;
And hence from Ireland drive the demons forth
That druids call to batten on mankind.
It happened that the Christians in this land,
The few that live as slaves in the far south . . .

THE KING OF MUNSTER

These are the Christians that I spoke about.

[*He smiles and drinks.*]

PATRICK

Were sheep without a shepherd, and they fell
Into Pelagian heresy, so that
Peter's successor, bishop of great Rome, . . .

THE KING OF LEINSTER

I thought the hand of Rome would soon be seen.
Although her empire vanishes on land,
Through this new faith she now rules o'er men's souls.
We Leinster men know much of Roman might.

PATRICK (*patiently and courteously*)

Peter's successor sent a bishop forth
To visit the neglected Munster flock;
Palladius was his name; last year he came,
But died before his mission was fulfilled.

THE KING OF LEINSTER

We heard of him in Leinster, where he died;
A harmless preacher of a harmless faith.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

PATRICK

And then the Lord chose me, the former slave,
To do His bidding and to travel here
To found His church in Ireland, and to preach
Christ crucified upon the cross—to you.

THE BREHON OF MEATH

Why did you light the fire on Beltane's feast?
Do you not know the law which makes it crime.

PATRICK

The law I knew; the prophecy likewise.
And, since I come to drive the demons forth
And break the druid power, I challenged thus
Their ancient custom, and defied their wrath.
It happened further that this morning was
The Easter morn, and on this holy day
We Christians celebrate the paschal feast
Which Christ, our Lord, founded before His death.
In the full robes a Christian bishop wears
I did mine office; as the fire I lit,
A little flame, it shot up to the skies
And reddened all the heavens, thus showing well
The challenge I intend to issue forth.
And now, High King, most mighty Laogaire,
Son of great Niall, I am eager to contend
With all the druids, and to show that Christ,
My Master dear, who died upon the cross,
Has sent me here to save your souls from hell.
Give me the chance to prove my God is truth.

THE KING OF CONNAUGHT

Give me the slave; I'll slay him and his band,
And we can feast and revel till the dawn,
Without the need of further listening.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE KING OF ORIEL

Nay; I would hear the words he hath to say:
Though how a god, who died upon a cross,
Can be a god of truth is hard to see.

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

Disgrace it would be, after this fierce speech,
Not to take up his challenge and to show
How weak his power against the druid faith.

PATRICK

Ready I stand for challenge or for death—
A martyr's death would be for me a crown.

THE KING OF LEINSTER

For my part I would see this Roman priest
Fight 'gainst the druids with his magic spells.

[PATRICK *moves forward to speak.*]

THE BREHON OF MUNSTER

My master bids me say that he demands
The council do adjourn until such time,
As, having feasted well, we may decide
What steps to take; a dry and thirsty man
Cannot do justice or even keep awake.

THE KING OF ORIEL

It is, besides, our Irish fashion old
To give due thought upon such questions twice—
In morning light and after midday feast.

THE BREHON OF MEATH

My lord, the King, decrees that we adjourn.
He has prepared a mighty feast for all,
And bids all be his guests. After the feast
We will our wonted revels hold, and spend

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

The hours in pleasure; then, when evening comes,
We shall return and settle this dispute
For wisdom's part is to do naught in haste,
But settle all things after due debate.

THE HIGH KING

Welcome are guests to Tara's banquet hall.
Steward, take charge of Patrick and his band.
Music, strike up! we'll march to our repast.

[The Retainers sing the Chorus of Retreat.]

CHORUS

Let us march with joy and singing,
Revel high to hold;
Let us keep the hillside ringing,
As was done of old;
For all Ireland's life we cherish,
'Neath our holy hill;
Now may wrath and discord perish!
Ireland a nation still!

[The five processions march off in the same direction, singing; the HIGH KING closing the march. As the Kings pass PATRICK they regard him with anger, contempt, interest, sympathy or dignity, according to their respective characters. As the music dies away, PATRICK turns to his followers, the Cross is raised, the first verse of the "Pange Lingua" is chanted, and the Missionaries are led away by the STEWARD.]

INTERMEZZO

SCENE II

The same as Scene I. The evening of the same day.

[*The STEWARD OF THE HIGH KING, the four Servants and the Retainers of the HIGH KING enter bearing torches.*

THE STEWARD

Now that the feast is o'er, the revels closed,
The chiefs will soon return, and I must go
To bring forth Patrick and his followers
To plead their cause before the Irish kings.

(to the Servants)

Arrange the torches so that all may see,
And make the evening seem as bright as day.

[*The Retainers arrange torches and light braziers.*
The STEWARD goes out. Noise heard without.

FIRST SERVANT

Here come the revellers! Right in their midst
The jolly King of Munster and his friends.

SECOND SERVANT

The good cheer that a feast at Tara gives
Has made all merry and not least the King.

[*To the sound of music the Retainers of the various kings enter tumultuously, led by the DRUID OF LEINSTER. After them, comes the KING OF MUNSTER, supported by his BREHON and DRUID. He is heavily intoxicated and is led to*

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

his seat. In the midst of the crowd is seen the KING OF CONNAUGHT, fighting drunk and guarded by his BREHON and DRUID until he too reaches his seat. When the music closes all is in picturesque confusion.

FIRST SERVANT

A song! A song! Let's have a song from Munster.

SECOND SERVANT

The Munster men have always drunk the most
And sung the best of all true Irishmen.
A drinking song from Munster, I demand.

[The Retainers cry, "A song!" "A song!" "A song from MUNSTER!" The DRUID OF MUNSTER looks at his King, and receiving a nod of assent, helps the BREHON OF MUNSTER down from his seat and pushes him to the center of the space before the thrones; the Druid then climbs staggering to his seat by the King. The Retainers gather round the BREHON OF MUNSTER, who sings a Drinking Song.]

THE BREHON OF MUNSTER (*singing*)

Old Ireland's the land of song and dance,
The land where the stranger may see at a glance
That good liquor mellows our hearts and our brains,
In a way that no foreigners' liquor attains;
For it ripens and lightens and frees us from care,
It banishes sorrow and drives out despair;
Then let us step quicker,
There's no other liquor,
With ours can at all compare!

CHORUS

The chief's return will call us away from our jollity,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

So fill your cups and give yourselves up to frivolity,
We'll drink till we wink and blink and sink,
Like Irishmen unafraid.

THE BREHON OF MUNSTER

Old Ireland's the home of wit and fun,
Where welcome is given to every one,
Who takes in good part both the laugh and the jest,
And never bears malice or wrath in his breast.
It's the land where good fellowship breathes in the air,
And all men are ready their fortunes to share;
 Though friends may be many,
 There cannot be any,
 With ours can at all compare!

CHORUS

The chief's return, etc.

THE BREHON OF MUNSTER

Old Ireland has many a chief and sage,
Whom our taste for good liquor does often enrage;
They blame the good "Creature," and lecture, and scold,
Forgetting it makes us all reckless and bold;
It excites our wild natures with courage so rare,
That an Irishman's ready all perils to dare;
 There may be feet lighter,
 But there's not a fighter
 With us can at all compare!

CHORUS

The chiefs' return, etc.

[As the song ends and the BREHON OF MUNSTER goes back to his seat, some of the Retainers go to their places. The KING OF LEINSTER enters, smiles indulgently on the scene and goes to his throne. The KING OF ORIEL enters with his

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

BREHON and DRUID; *he sadly shakes his head at the scene of tumult and goes to his seat. The four Servants and some of the Retainers have not perceived the entrance of the Kings and move about excitedly.*

FIRST SERVANT

A dance! A dance! What's song without a dance!

SECOND SERVANT

As Ireland has her songs, she has her dances,
Unrivalled in their merriment and grace.
Come, let the best among you dance for us.

[*Eight young men—two each from Munster, Ulster, Connaught and Leinster—step forward and begin to dance. When the music ends and during the applause that follows, the HIGH KING enters with the BREHON and DRUID OF MEATH, conducted by the STEWARD. He smiles at the scene and goes to his seat. The Retainers settle to their places.*

THE BREHON OF MEATH

(*raising his voice*)

The time for revelry has now expired.
The High King bids that silence be proclaimed.

[*There is a gradual settling down of the crowd under the urging of the STEWARD. The KING OF MUNSTER and the KING OF CONNAUGHT fall into drunken sleep. But after their drinking, dancing and revelling, the Retainers can not entirely settle down at once.*

The High King begs our sacred singer here,
Druid of Erin, now to sing the song
Which cheers the hearts of loyal Irishmen
More than the utterances of drunken joy.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The DRUID OF MEATH steps forward and sings the Song of Erin.*

THE DRUID OF MEATH (*singing*)

Dear is the island, the land of our mothers,
Dear is the land where our forefathers died;
Dear is the country where all men are brothers—
Great is our love for her, great is our pride.
Love for her meadows fair,
Love for her mountains bare,
Love for the marsh-land and love for the glen.
Pride in her gallant sons,
Pride that each heart o'erruns—
Land of pure women and land of brave men.

CHORUS

'Tis Erin, dear Erin,
The green isle of Erin,
The island of Erin, that all of us love;
We'd fight for her honored name,
We'd die for her righteous fame—
The island of Erin that all of us love.

THE DRUID OF MEATH

Though we are ready to anger each other,
We quickly forgive when the harsh word is by;
But if Erin's insulted by one or another
Gladly we'd fight for her, gladly we'd die:
Fight for her ancient laws,
Fight in her freedom's cause,
Fight for her over and over again,
Die for her honored name,
Die for her righteous fame—
The land of pure women and land of brave men.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

CHORUS

'Tis Erin, dear Erin, etc.

[*While the last chorus is being sung, the STEWARD, who has left during the song, returns conducting PATRICK and his followers, who take up a position in the center of the space before the thrones, the CRUCIFER holding up the cross. At the same time, the BREHON OF LEINSTER brings in the CHIEFTAIN, who seats himself moodily below the KING OF LEINSTER, alternately glancing fiercely at the KING OF CONNAUGHT and brooding in melancholy fashion. The council settles itself. PATRICK faces the HIGH KING.*

THE BREHON OF MEATH

Now we will listen to the argument
Made to us by this former British slave.

(to PATRICK)

The High King bids you speak, but bids you fear
How you insult belief in holy things.
The druids here will quick refute your words,
Unless you prove the truth of what you say.

PATRICK

I come to tell you of a living God.
I come to tell you of His son, who died
Upon the cross, to cleanse you of your sins.
I come to tell you of a faith that spread
O'er all the world of men—a faith that spread
Despite of persecution and the death
Of many martyrs: until Rome herself,
Head of the world, drove out her native gods
And those she borrowed from the mystic East—
Isis, the mighty mother, Mithra, all—
And worshiped humbly at the cross of Christ.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The Roman Empire, which includes the bounds
Of all the civilized world, is Christian now,
And hopes this distant island, which refused
To bow to Roman strength, will recognize
And seize on Roman wisdom—

THE KING OF LEINSTER (*interrupting*)

What said I?

When first this man spoke to us I declared
It was a scheme of Roman statesmen wise,
Who could not conquer Ireland, to ensnare
Her valiant peoples into bondage deep.

(*to PATRICK*)

We do not want your Rome, your Roman peace,
Your Roman roads, your Roman laws, and all
That makes your Roman Empire, for we love
Our Irish freedom and our Irish chiefs.
Britain has lost its heart, and holds out hands
In suppliant prayer for help when we invade,
And cannot help herself; and we will not
Give up our ancient gods, if that implies
End of our freedom and our liberties.
We Irishmen are free and will obey
None but our native princes and our laws.

PATRICK

Alas, my lord, I did not mean to rouse
So great a storm of protest, but I say
That without settled peace and settled laws,
Such as Rome gives its subjects, none can hope
That Ireland ever will her freedom keep.
Unless she rules herself, and she unites
Her chiefs and peoples in a common bond
Of civil wisdom in a mighty state,
Dissensions fierce will tear her chiefs apart

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

And make them subject to a foreign race,
Whose hand will heavier be than that of Rome.
But, let us not waste time in vain debate;
My gospel teaches true obedience
To chiefs and kings, and ever to repay
To Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Let me now
Turn rather to the law of temperance.
The Irish nature, in its love of life,
Rejects restraint and bubbles o'er with joy
Or sadness; ye refuse to limit cheer,
And in excess find all your merriment,
Just as to sudden wrath ye give yourselves,
Or sudden grief. Look around you now, my lords,
And see the heavy stupor which has come
Upon the wild, rejoicing, shouting crowd
Which filled this place a little hour ago.
My gospel teaches temperance, and would
Drive from your land the curse of drunkenness.

THE KING OF MUNSTER

The curse of drunkenness! Come, my good man,
You know not what you say. Take a deep draught,

(offering cup)

And you will not repeat those foolish words.
The gods gave us good liquor, and with it
Forgetfulness of sorrow for a while,
And brilliant dreams which banish heavy care;
And make the poor forget their poverty,
The sick their sickness, and the sad their grief.

PATRICK *(smiling)*

But when the waking comes, and the dreams end
In horrid visions of fantastic shapes
Of snakes, and bats, and crawling, grinning toads.
Then do you think of holy temperance

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And promise to abstain till the next time
Temptation tries your will. I promise you,
That if you sober be and quite abstain
From liquor, you shall never harbor snakes
In Ireland, for I will them straight expel.

THE DRUID OF MUNSTER

Abstain from liquor, give up the best gift
The gods bestowed! If it be such a sin
To drink good liquor, wherefore does the earth
And fruitful nature let the liquor be
And with it grateful thirst to savor it?
If this thy teaching be, then I remain
True to the ancient gods of tolerance
And kindness to the weakness of mankind.

[*He drinks.*]

PATRICK

A God of chastity I bring to you;
A God of peace on earth, who would put down
The cruel wars which ravish Irish lands
And wreak such havoc among Irish folk.
I preach a God who hates the murderous
And savage customs of your tribal wars,
And would make Ireland, 'neath his gentle sway,
A fertile and a smiling land of peace.

THE KING OF CONNAUGHT (*abruptly*)

Peace didst thou say? Ireland, a land of peace!
Why Irishmen love fighting most of all;
We joy in battle, and the strongest man
Gets women, cattle, and the ripe rewards
Of valor; and, for my part, I despise
Your prating talk of peace and chastity.

PATRICK (*indignantly*)

I argue not with vile and vicious men,

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Who make parade of passions and who speak
In sneering, boastful words; for such as you
My God provides a hell of fire and flame,
Worse than your false gods ever did conceive,
Or their false priests, the druids; and we all
Should suffer in eternal hell, had not
The Son of God himself come down to earth,
And died a shameful death upon the cross,
To save all those who do repent their sins
And trust in Him.

THE KING OF ORIEL

Did your god live on earth
And die a shameful death? Then those who slew
Were mightier than he. A hero god,
As some we worship, or sweet Nature's self,
Never can die, but, oft renewing life,
Gives signs to us of life beyond the grave.
The trees above us speak of Nature's god;
Their soaring height that ever seeks the sun
Draws our eyes upward, when we would adore;
Their length of years and calm, majestic growth
Rebuke our petty love for earth-born days.
What sort of hero was your Son of God
Who lived on earth and died?

PATRICK

No warrior he;
A man of sorrows, who loved all mankind
And with his life atoned for all their sins.

THE KING OF ORIEL

Worship a dead man, that I cannot do.
Our gods are young and beautiful, or else
Aged and splendid; and to us they are
The mysteries of life and death; they show

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

In each returning year fair Nature's work
Upon the earth, or else explain the strange
And haunting fancies of the minds of men.
Shall we renounce them all and in their place
Take the pale shadow of a god that died,
And could not save himself?

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

But worse than all,
For this dead man we're asked to throw away
Our fathers' faith, that faith which we have held
Throughout the life of Erin, which has made
Erin the last home of druidic lore,
Where, free from Rome and free from foreign foes,
The ancient worship has been firmly fixed.

(to PATRICK)

What can you give us in exchange for this?
What consolation for abandonment
Of what our fathers taught, our mothers loved?

PATRICK (*solemnly*)

Immortal life I promise to all those
Who trust in God and in His only Son,
Who died upon the cross—immortal life
In heaven, where all believers, after death,
Shall see His face, and praise and bless His name.
But for the wicked and those who refuse
To hear His gospel, I most solemnly,
As priest of God and bishop in His church,
Declare eternal punishment in hell,
Where flames shall torture, and where, worst of all,
They ne'er shall look upon the face of God.

THE HIGH KING

But, Patrick, is this fearful fate prescribed

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

For those, who never had the chance to hear
Your teaching, for the little unborn babes,
Like those of Fochland, whose sweet memory
Made you come hither, or for those of old,
Who lived and died in the druidic faith,
Our fathers and the heroes of the past?

PATRICK (*troubled*)

Most High King, son of Niall, great Laogaire
I know not how to answer. I'm unskilled
And quite unlearned, so I leave to God
The solving of such problems as you set.
I know that God is mighty and is just
And do not fear to leave to Him the fate
Of those who have not heard His blessed word.

THE HIGH KING

I can not leave my question. You must tell
The answer. Could I bear to be in heaven,
The heaven of Christians, while my father lay
In torture of such flames as you describe
Burn in the Christian hell, or would I choose
To spend eternity in any place,
Where great Cuchulainn, Ireland's hero famed,
Is not revered? Answer that question straight!

PATRICK

The God, whom I adore, to whom I pray
Shall answer the appeal.

O God on high!

(*ecstatically praying*)

Help Thy poor servant to uphold Thy cause
And give a sign from heaven, that these great kings,
These chiefs of Ireland, may Thy power behold
And come to trust in Thee, the living God,
And in the mercy of Thy blessed Son.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[PATRICK raises his hands; his followers sing four lines of the "*Veni Creator*"; all follow the direction of PATRICK'S eyes; he makes a gesture of command.

PATRICK

Appear Cuchulainn, appear, appear,
In such guise as thou lived'st upon this earth,

[*Music is heard and the APPARITION OF CUCHULAINN, in ghostly gray apparel with a long lance in his hand, comes mysteriously into view. The KING OF MUNSTER is terrified, as are the Retainers of all the Kings; the DRUIDS are unembarrassed; the KING OF CONNAUGHT grins; the KING OF LEINSTER smiles sceptically; the KING OF ORIEL is interested; the HIGH KING rises from his seat; the CHIEFTAIN, who has now come up to PATRICK, does not look at the APPARITION, but gazes into PATRICK'S ecstatic face.*

PATRICK (*triumphantly*)

Praise God for all His mercies.

(*to the APPARITION*)

Who art thou?

THE APPARITION

I was Cuchulainn. God sent me here.

THE HIGH KING

Art thou indeed Cuchulainn, dead long since,
And passed into the spirit world?

THE APPARITION

I am.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

THE KING OF ORIEL

At whose command came'st thou to meet us here?

THE APPARITION

By God's command, His servant Patrick's word.

THE KING OF LEINSTER

'Tis magic brings that vain appearance here.

(to PATRICK)

'Tis clever magic by a wizard wrought.

Better than ever druids tried to do.

(to his Retainers)

Go up and see the nature of the spell.

[*Some of the Retainers of Leinster and a few others begin to climb the hillside. PATRICK and the APPARITION pay no attention to the skeptical king.*]

THE DRUID OF ORIEL

If thou art the Cuchulainn that we praise,
Whose deeds we sing in Ulster, where the songs
Of the Red Branch are written to thy fame,
Tell all these waiting souls the druids' truth
And scorn to answer to this wizard's words.

PATRICK (*slowly*)

Spirit of eld, the High King, Laogaire,
Will not believe in God the Father's love,
Nor in His Son, nor in the Holy Ghost,
And will not hear my word, until he knows
Whither thy spirit fled upon thy death,
For he desires to be where thou dost rule.

THE APPARITION

Great was my courage, hard as was my sword,
Yet down to hell my soul was carried off

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

To suffer in red fire.

PATRICK

Oh, tell the king,
Oh! tell King Laogaire, tell all within
The hearing of thy voice, that God is good
And does but seek the soul of men to save.
Tell him to look for mercy and to pray
That they may meet each other in the heaven
Thou may'st not enter.

THE APPARITION (*to the HIGH KING*)

Listen, thou, to me
And save thy soul from death by heeding well
The message of the servant loved of God,
The Bishop Patrick.

[*The APPARITION vanishes and there is silence for a moment.*]

THE KING OF LEINSTER

Did I not say true
That this was clever magic?

THE CHIEFTAIN

(*at last making up his mind to speak*)

Did I hear
That we could meet each other after death?

PATRICK

Yea, weary soul, God's grace is infinite,
And He loves all His creatures, great and small,
And would not have them perish. Who art thou?
A chieftain by thy garb, but sad at heart,
Unless thy looks belie thee.

THE CHIEFTAIN

Thou say'st right,

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

A man unhappy, who in one short day
Lost all that makes life worth the living; all
The joy went out of me the day I lost
My wife and babes; they died; and I am left
Alone with grief.

PATRICK

Alas! poor suffering soul!
Look on the cross, for He who died thereon
Bore all for you and sent His minister
To comfort and sustain you. Oh, believe!
And thou shalt see thy loved ones once again.

THE DRUID OF ORIEL (*furiously*)

This false magician is making converts now.
Look how he stoops toward him and entreats
His listening ears! Look how the stupid crowd
Is filled with pity and forgets this rank
And wicked blasphemy against the gods.
I cannot bear it.

[*The KING of ORIEL tries to check him, but he
throws off his band.*

And I'll send him straight
To see what sort of life is after death.

[*The DRUID of ORIEL rushes furiously at PATRICK,
but the CHIEFTAIN intercepts the blow and is
struck down. The DRUID drops his knife.
There is general excitement. The KING of
LEINSTER pushes forward. Even the KING of
MUNSTER rises from his seat. Only the KING
of CONNAUGHT continues to grin sardonically.
The STEWARD tries to restore order. The KING
of ORIEL seizes his DRUID.*

PATRICK

Look up, my son, look on the cross of Christ.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE CHIEFTAIN

And I shall see my loved ones once again.
I do believe, I must believe in Christ.
Help me, my father; set me on the road
That leads to Christian heaven. Tell me the way.

PATRICK

Forgive, that thou may'st truly be forgiven;
Forgive thine enemies.

THE CHIEFTAIN

Yes, all except
The King of Connaught. I cannot forgive
The King of Connaught.

PATRICK

Look, my son, upon
The cross, and think what Christ had to forgive.

[*The CHIEFTAIN grows weaker, and is supported with difficulty by the KINGS OF ORIEL and LEINSTER; the HIGH KING comes down from his seat with his DRUID and BREHON. The KING OF CONNAUGHT comes down closely surrounded by his Retainers, fearing violence.*

THE CHIEFTAIN

Him also I forgive. . . . But I lose strength.
My eyes are growing dim. I cannot see
The cross of Christ.

[*The CRUCIFER holds it before him.*

Father, I cannot see
The cross of Christ. . . . Shall I be shut outside
The gates of heaven? Make me to see the cross,—
For I must meet my wife and babes again.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

PATRICK (*deeply moved*)

This, my first convert, gives his life for me,
And can I not a miracle perform
To aid his dying sight? If God could bring
A ghost from hell, at my beseeching Him,
Will He not listen to my prayers again,
And set the symbol of salvation high
Upon the Hill of Tara, as a sign
That God has come to Ireland to remain
And make this favored land the Isle of Saints.

[PATRICK *blesse*s the CHIEFTAIN, then falls on his knees, and looks ecstatically up the hillside. The "Veni Creator" begins, the torches go out and a great white cross appears far up the hillside; all except the HIGH KING and the five DRUIDS fall on their knees; the CHIEFTAIN staggers to his feet, sees the cross and falls back dead. As the "Veni Creator" finally closes, the followers of PATRICK carry out the body of the CHIEFTAIN. The music ends, the cross disappears and the hillside is illumined as all slowly withdraw.

NOTES

Page 30. *It seems to come from Slaney, just across
The valley,*

“The distance of Tara from Slaney is about ten miles.” (Bury, p. 104, note.)

Page 38. *The valiant men of Leinster oft have shown
That Laogaire is King in name alone.*

On the wars between Laogaire and Leinster; see Bury, p. 353.

Page 43. *Sucat my British, Patrick my Roman name.
Britain my birth-place.*

On the names of Patrick; see Bury, pp. 23, 291. On his birth-place; Idem, pp. 322-325.

And sold to slavery in far Connaught.

On the place of Patrick's servitude; see Bury, pp. 27-30, 334-336.

Page 50. *But died before his mission was fulfilled.*

On the mission of Palladius to Ireland in 431; see Bury, pp. 54-58, 342-344.

Page 66. *The apparition of Cuchulainn.*

“In the “*Phantom Chariot of Cuchulinn*” it is related that Patrick went to Tara to enjoin belief upon the King of Erin, upon Laoghaire, son of Nial, for he was King of Erin at the time, and would not believe in the Lord, though he had preached unto him. ‘By no means will I believe in thee, nor yet in God,’ said the heathen monarch to the saint, ‘until thou shalt call up Cuchulinn in all his dignity, as he is recorded in the old stories, that I may see him, and that I may address him in my presence here; after that I will believe in thee.’ Upon this St. Patrick conjured up the hero, so that he appeared to the King in his chariot as of old. . . .

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[WORDS OF CUCHULAINN TO KING LAOGAIRE]

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

“My little body was scarred—
With Lugaid the victory:
Demons carried off my soul
Into the red charcoal.

“I played the swordlet on them,
I plied on them the gae-bolga;
I was in my concert victory
With the demon in pain.

“Great as was my heroism,
Hard as was my sword,
The devil crushed me with one finger
Into the red charcoal.”

“The tale consistently enough concludes that ‘great was the power of Patrick in awakening Chuchulinn, after being nine fifty years in the grave.’”

—*The Literature of the Celts: its History and Romance*,
by Magnus Maclean, M. A., D. Sc. pp 171, 172.
London, Glasgow and Dublin, 1902.

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY WALLACE A. SABIN

THE PRELUDE to "St. Patrick at Tara" opens with a long sustained note on the double basses with a suggestion of the St. Patrick theme or *Veni Creator* played by the 'cellos—later by the brass and wood-wind:



This theme is heard again toward the close of the Prelude, scored for full orchestra, signifying the triumph of the Christian faith over that of Nature-worship. After forty bars, another theme is heard on the wood-wind, accompanied by muted violins, which is intended to suggest the beauty and peace of nature:

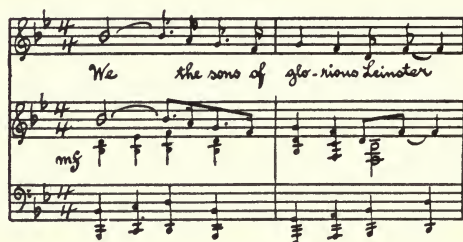


At a certain point this is interrupted by a succession of chromatic chords ending in an abrupt stop, which is intended to suggest the tragic end of the Chieftain. This is followed by a few sustained chords on the low notes of the

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

wood-wind, suggesting gloom and despair which, however, soon give place to a religious atmosphere which gradually increases until the *Veni Creator* theme is triumphantly announced by the full orchestra and gradually diminishing to a *pianissimo* ending.

Early in the play, after an introduction of fourteen bars, the King of Leinster enters with his retainers who sing in unison:



This is followed by the other kings and their escorts each singing in turn and finally uniting in singing "Ireland a Nation Still."

The next entrance is that of Patrick and his missionaries who chant the Easter hymn, *Pange Lingua*:



At the close of Scene I the march is again heard and is taken up by the chorus who sing as they make their exit.

The Intermezzo is intended to prepare the audience for the revelry with which Scene II opens. After an introduction of sixteen bars, the following theme is announced on the clarinet accompanied by *pizzicato* strings:

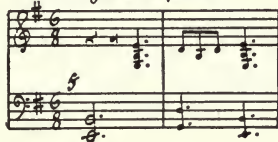
ST. PATRICK AT TARA

Allegretto giocoso



A rollicking theme—

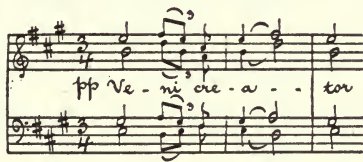
Allegro con spirito:



brings on the revellers and also serves to introduce a jig:



Later on, at a signal from Patrick, the missionaries chant the *Veni Creator*, unaccompanied:



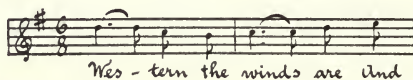
This is followed by a few bars of orchestral music built on the same theme, which is played during the appearance of the Apparition of Cuchulainn.

The finale is also constructed on the above theme beginning very softly and finally swelling into a triumphant burst of praise.

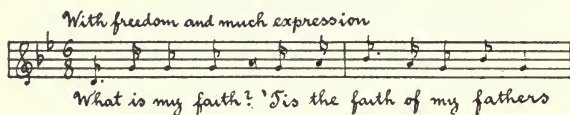
THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

During the play four songs (two with chorus) are sung.
The following are fragments of the themes:

THE SONG OF CONNAUGHT



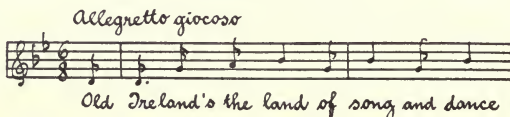
THE SONG OF ULSTER



THE SONG OF ERIN



DRINKING SONG



NOTE ON THE COSTUMES

BY PORTER GARNETT

IN DEVISING costumes for a play dealing with Ireland in the fifth century one is confronted with a discouraging paucity of data. The ordinary books on costume give only certain generalizations on "Celtic" costume, and numerous books on Irish archæology, at first consulted, were either entirely silent on the subject of dress, or yielded information as vague as it was meagre.

Working from analogy in Celtic costume is not wholly satisfactory in that the abundant evidence we possess of design distinctively native in ornaments and implements among the ancient Irish would seem to connote characteristics equally underived in their dress. Further research proved this to be the fact.

The most important consideration in designing costumes for the stage is to suggest through them the attributes of the characters represented and to aid in expressing visually their emotional content. Archæological accuracy is of value only as a working basis; if carried out with scrupulous exactitude, it leaves no room for the exercise of fancy, in the expression of which a certain quality of creativeness may reside. In the present instance, therefore, the scarcity of data afforded not only an opportunity for the exercise of fancy, but rendered it imperative.

The distribution of color among the retinues of the five kings conforms with the directions given in his play by Professor Stephens, but, as he states in his preface, it is quite arbitrary.

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After the task had been begun with these conditions in view, *i. e.*, the scarcity of data and the restriction of an assigned color-scheme, two works were found which supplied an abundance of such information as would insure the necessary degree of historical accuracy.

Regarding the main facts, quotations from these authorities follow:

The dress of the ancient Irish consists of the *truis* or straight *bracca*, the long *cota*, the *cochal*, the *canabhas*, the *barrad* and the *brog*.

The *truis* or straight *bracca* was made of weft with various colors running on it in stripes or divisions. It covered the ankles, legs and thighs.

The *cota* was a kind of shirt made of thin woolen stuff plaided, or of linen dyed yellow.

The *cochal* or *cocula* was the upper garment, a kind of long cloak with a large hanging collar or hood of different colors . . . and was fringed with a border like shaggy hair; and being brought over the shoulders was fastened on the breast by a clasp.

The *canabhas* or *filliad* was a large loose garment not unlike the *cochal* and probably worn as its substitute.

The *barrad* was a conical cap . . . The cone of the *barrad* usually hung behind.

The first innovation in the Irish dress, after the Milesian invasion, took place (if our annals are to be credited) in the reign of Tighernmas, A. M. 2815. This prince we are told ordained a sumptuary law called *ilbreachta* according to which the different classes of the people were to be distinguished by the number of colors in their garments—thus: the peasantry and soldiers were to wear garments of one color; military officers and private gentlemen, of two; commanders of battalions, of three; *beatachs*, *buighnibbs*, or keepers of houses of hospitality, of four; the principal nobility and knights, of five; the *ollahms* or dignified bards, of six; and the kings and princes of the blood, seven.

—*An Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish*, by Joseph C. Walker, Dublin, 1788.

Both men and women wore the hair long, and commonly flowing down the back and shoulders.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA

The fashion of wearing the beard varied. Sometimes it was considered becoming to have it long and forked, and gradually narrowed to two points below.

There were various kinds of gold and silver ornaments for wearing round the neck, of which perhaps the best known was the torque.

We know from the best authorities that at the time of the invasion—*i. e.* in the twelfth century—the Irish used no armour.

—*A Social History of Ancient Ireland*, by P. W. Joyce,
LL.D., M. R. I. A., London, Longmans, Green &
Co., 1903.



THE CAVE MAN
THE NEW WEAPON

THE EIGHTH GROVE PLAY
[PERFORMED ON THE SIXTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1910]

THE CAVE MAN
A Play of the Redwoods

BY
CHARLES K. FIELD
WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC
BY THE COMPOSER
W. J. McCOY

CHARLES K. FIELD
SIRE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE grove play of the Bohemian Club is the outgrowth of an illuminated spectacle produced annually among redwood trees in California. In "The Man in the Forest," at the Midsummer Jinks of 1902, this spectacle first became a play, the text being the work of one author and the music the work of one composer. Since then, the music-drama has been steadily elaborated. Yet it has been the aim, excepting the play of "Montezuma" (1903), to produce a play inherently of the forest.

The "Cave Man" has its inspiration in the fact that the sequoia groves of California, one of which the Bohemian Club owns, are the only forests now existing that resemble the forests of the cave man's day. While it has not yet been established that man of the cave type occupied this region of the earth, migrations here bringing people possibly of a much more advanced culture, it is sufficient for the purposes of the grove dramatist to be able to present characters of the more ancient type in a natural setting startlingly close to the original scenery of the cave man's life.

No attempt has been made to reproduce the exact conditions of speech, appearance, or musical expression. Simple language, to set forth such ideas and passions as might make a presentable play, has been employed and has been reinforced by interpretative music in the manner of to-day. Many thousands of years of progress may lie, in reality, between the types exhibited in this drama, yet in the physical aspects of the life of these people, care has been taken to exclude such anachronisms as the use of the

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

bow and arrow and the making of pictures on rock or in carved bone—accomplishments that post-dated the discovery of fire by tens of thousands of years. The characters have been costumed to suggest men of a primitive type, yet far removed from the creature that was to evolve the gorilla of our day. That creature, also a character in the drama, doubtless resembled the cave man more nearly than his descendant resembles us. His quest of the woman in the play is warranted by the reported anxiety of modern Africans regarding their own women and the gorilla.

The episode of the tar pool is based upon the recently reported discoveries in a similar deposit, in California, where remarkably frequent remains of the animals and birds named by Long Arm in his narrative have been brought to light. To Dr. J. C. Merriam, of the University of California, under whose direction these discoveries have been reported, I am indebted for a sympathetic editing of the text of this play.

I desire to record my gratitude to those members of the Bohemian Club whose coöperation, well in accord with the traditions which have made possible the Club's admirable productions, has carried my dream of the cave man to fulfillment. Mr. W. J. McCoy, already wearing the laurels of "The Hamadryads," undertook to express my play in music when the task could be accomplished only by severe sacrifice. That he has contributed to the musical treasures of the Club a work which, perhaps, excels his former composition is, I trust, some measure of reward. Mr. Edward J. Duffey, the wizard of the illuminated grove, has rendered service equally important to a play whose action is written round the phenomenon of fire. Mr. George E. Lyon, that rare combination of artist and carpenter, with the assistance of Dr. Harry Carlton, has performed the feat of making the hillside more beautiful, adding stage scenery without sacrilege. To Mr. Frank L. Mathieu, veteran of many battles with amateur talent, I am

THE CAVE MAN

indebted for untiring supervision of the production of the play and for valuable suggestions in its arrangement. Mr. Porter Garnett, authority upon grove plays and himself sire imminent, has proved his loyalty by working all night upon the making of this book of the play. Mr. J. de P. Teller has drilled two choirs in the difficult music of the Epilogue. Mr. David Bispham, a new member of the club and an artist of international fame, has shown himself imbued also with the amateur spirit which is one of the important elements in the grove play's charm. To the Board of Directors, and to their immediate predecessors, with their respective jinks committees, whose sympathy and aid under unusual circumstances have made possible the Midsummer Jinks of 1910, and to all the brothers in Bohemia who have joined me in the labor and pleasure of that effort, I subscribe myself in sincere acknowledgment.

CHARLES K. FIELD.

ARGUMENT

ONCE upon a time, some tens of thousands of years ago, the greater part of the northern hemisphere was covered with a mighty forest of conifers. Its trees rose hundreds of feet in height; their huge trunks, twenty and thirty feet through, were shaggy with a reddish bark; and between them grew smaller and gentler trees, thick ferns and blossoming vines. To-day, in the sequoia groves of California stands all that is left of that magnificent woodland.

On a memorable night, when the moon searched the deep shadows of Bohemia's redwoods for memories of the past and the mystery of night magnified our trees to the size of their brethren in other groves, I sat with W. J. McCoy before the high jinks stage. Fancy has ever been stimulated by fact and we were aware that we looked upon such a scene as the cave man knew. And so in the moonlight we dreamed that the forest was still growing in the comparative youth of mankind, that no light other than the fires of heaven had ever shone in the grove, that the man of that day wooed his mate and fought great beasts for their raw flesh and made the first fire among those very trees.

THE prehistoric forest was very dark and as dangerous as it was dark. Therefore the cave men went into their caves when daylight faded among the trees and they blocked the cave doorways with great boulders and they slept soundly on leaves and rushes until the daylight peeped through the chinks of the boulders. One morning, Broken Foot, a big man with heavy dark hair on his body and an expression that was not amiable even for a cave

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

man's face, rolled back the blocking of his cave and crept cautiously out. It happened that a deer had chosen to drink from a pool by Broken Foot's cave. A great stone broke the neck of the luckless deer and the cave man breakfasted well.

As he sat there on the rocks, carving with his flint knife the raw body of the deer, certain neighbors joined him, one by one. They were Scar Face, a prodigious glutton but sharp witted and inventive, Fish Eyes and Short Legs, young hunters with specialties, and Wolf Skin, the father of Singing Bird, a much-admired maiden just entering womanhood. Then ensued such talk as belonged to that period—stories of hunting, of escape and also of discoveries. Many remarkable things were being put forth in those days by the inquiring spirit of men, shells to hold water, a log that would obey a man with a paddle, even a wolf had been tamed and made a companion of a hunter. So the morning passed in interesting discussion and all would have been harmonious in the little group before Broken Foot's cave had not Short Legs listened eagerly to Wolf Skin's description of his daughter and announced his intention of mating with her. As he rose to seek the girl, Broken Foot knocked him down with a sudden blow and bade him think no more of the cave maiden. At this, Short Legs, although no match for the great bully, burst out with a torrent of abuse, calling Broken Foot many unpleasant names, and Fish Eyes, his inseparable friend, came to his aid with more unflattering words, even accusing Broken Foot of murdering his brother to get his cave and his mate. Broken Foot, making ready to seek the girl, listened indifferently to this tirade until Short Legs called him a coward.

Earlier in the day Wolf Skin had told of meeting a stranger in the forest, a young man who carried a singular weapon made of both wood and stone. This stranger had inquired for the cave of Broken Foot, a man who dragged

THE CAVE MAN

one foot as he walked. Short Legs accused Broken Foot of running away from this new comer. This was too much. Broken Foot, already part way up the hill on his way to Singing Bird, turned back toward the cave men threateningly. Just then a young man came along a higher path. He looked down on the man who dragged one foot as he walked. With a terrible cry of rage he leaped down the hill. Broken Foot, with his great strength, had been the champion of those woods for years. But Long Arm, the stranger, carried the first stone axe, and under this new weapon Broken Foot went down into the dead leaves.

Then, of course, the whole story came out. The young stranger proved to be the son of the man whom Broken Foot had murdered. The boy had been with the two men at the time. The scene of the murder was a small lake into which tar continually oozed, making a sticky trap for all sorts of wild animals. A similar place exists in California to-day, where animals are caught, and geologists have found in the ground there great quantities of bones of prehistoric animals, the sabre-tooth tigers and the great wolves of the cave man's day. Here was enacted the tragedy of which Long Arm tells. The boy got away and was reared by the Shell People on their mounds beside the sea. He had invented a new weapon and now he had come back to kill Broken Foot and to get again the cave of his father.

Long Arm was kindly welcomed by the cave men. They had no love for the dead bully and they respected a good fight. So the boy was welcomed home again. Yet the greeting held a note of warning in it. Old One-Eye, fleeing through the forest, told them that the terrible man-beast was again roving through the trees. The cave men did not know that this creature was but the ancestor of the gorilla of to-day. To them he was a man who seemed to be a beast. They could not understand him but they knew that he was larger than any other man and stronger than all of them together, and they gave him a wide berth.

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Long Arm was left alone in the cave he had regained. He sat on the rocks, in the pleasant shade of the trees, and chipped away at the edge of his flint axe. He was very well satisfied with himself and he sang a kind of exultant song in tribute to the weapon that had served him so well. As he worked and sang the sparks flew from the flint, and, by one of those chances which have made history from the dawn of time, some dry grass was kindled. No one in the world had made fire before that day. Long Arm saw what he thought was some bright new kind of serpent. He struck it a fatal blow with his axe and picked it up; it bit him and with a cry he shook it from his hand. Chances go in pairs, sometimes. The burning twig fell into a little pool and was extinguished. Long Arm observed and studied all this, a very much puzzled but interested young man. Then occurred one of those moments that have lifted men above the brutes. Long Arm struck his flints together and made fire again and man has been repeating and improving that process ever since.

That was destined to be a red-letter day, if we may use such a calendar term, in the life of that young cave man. He had got his cave again and he had discovered something that would make it the best home in all the world, yet it was not complete. And just then he heard Wolf Skin's daughter singing among the trees. Long Arm dropped his new toy and it burned out on the rock. He hid behind a great tree and watched. Singing Bird came, unsuspecting, down the path. One of the pools near the cave was quiet and the young girl was not proof against the allurements of this mirror. She had twined some blossoms in her hair and she was enjoying the reflection when Long Arm stole toward her. But she saw his reflection too, in time to leap away from him. Then Long Arm wooed her instead of following to take her by force, for that was not at all a certainty, since she might easily outrun him. So he told her of himself and his stone axe and his victory and

THE CAVE MAN

his cave, making it all as attractive as possible and at last he told her of the fire and made it before her eyes with his sparkling flints. Singing Bird was deeply impressed by all these things and by the confident manner of Long Arm, and especially by the bright new plaything, and she came gradually nearer to see these wonders.

Then suddenly the man-beast came upon the two, and the woman leaped in terror to the arms of the man. The man-beast barred the way to the cave. Then Long Arm braved him, though it meant death, that the girl might flee. The man-beast seized Long Arm's boasted axe and snapped it like a twig. Then he grasped the man and proceeded to crush him in his hairy hold. But the girl, under the spell of her new love, had run but a little way and then, in spite of her terror, turned to look back. She shrieked wildly at Long Arm's peril and the great beast threw the man aside and came after the girl. She tried desperately to evade him and to get to the narrow door of the cave. Meanwhile Long Arm had been only stunned. Recovering, he saw the firebrand burning where he had dropped it on the rocks. He seized it, remembering its bite, and again attacked the man-beast. Here was something new, and very terrible. No animal, from that day to this, has stood against fire. The man-beast fled into the forest.

Then Long Arm came back in triumph. Wonderful days followed, with the happy discovery of cooked meat, and the tragedy of a forest fire, but through all their lives Long Arm and Singing Bird remembered this day when, in the joy of their escape from death and under the spell of the woodland in springtime, they began their life together in the cave.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BROKEN FOOT	MR. HENRY A. MELVIN
SCAR FACE	MR. WALDEMAR YOUNG
SHORT LEGS	MR. SPENCER GRANT
FISH EYES	MR. ORRIN A. WILSON
WOLF SKIN	MR. FRANK P. DEERING
LONG ARM	MR. DAVID BISPHAM
ONE EYE	MR. HARRY A. RUSSELL
SINGING BIRD	MR. R. M. HOTALING
THE MAN-BEAST	MR. AMÉDÉE JOULLIN
THE VOICE OF SINGING BIRD	MASTER WYNDHAM MEDCRAFT

Cave men, Women, Children

PLACE: A sequoia forest.

TIME: From dawn to midnight, about fifty thousand years ago.

THE EPILOGUE

THE VOICE OF THE STAR	MR. T. V. BAKEWELL
AN ARCHANGELIC VOICE	MR. EDWARD H. HAMILTON
THE MASTER (<i>persona muta</i>)	MR. FREDERICK J. KOSTER

*Spiritual Voices, Shepherds, Farmers,
Warriors, Philosophers*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting and properties designed and executed by MR. GEORGE E. LYON and DR. HARRY P. CARLTON.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

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Musical Director, MR. W. J. MCCOY.

Chorus Master, MR. JOHN DE P. TELLER.

THE CAVE MAN

A Play of the Redwoods

ACT I

A forested hillside in the geological period preceding the present—some tens of thousands of years ago. The landscape is black with night, but between the treetops are glimpses of the stars. The musical prelude is in keeping with the darkness; it suggests the chill of an era when fire is unknown, and the terror that pervades the prehistoric forest at night. Into the glimpses of sky at the top of the hill comes the flush of dawn. The red fades into blue and light comes through the forest, progressively down the hillside. The radiance of morning discloses a grove of giant conifers, rich in ferns and in blossoming vines; it is spring in the forest. Rock outcrops form the lower parts of the hillside and a small stream splashes into a succession of pools; at the base of the hill the rock appears as a great ledge, the upper portion of which overhangs. Small plants cling to the uneven face of the cliff and young trees stand along its rim. Under the overhanging ledge there is a narrow entrance, closed with two boulders, that is high enough to admit a man stooping slightly. The ground immediately before the cave is level, but soon drops in a succession of ledges to a plateau filled with ferns and boulders through which the stream flows. Blossoming plants edge the pools and the lower and larger pool has tall reeds, tules, and ferns about it. The stream continues on to a river that runs westward to the sea.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*As the prelude concludes, the morning light has struck upon the entrance to the cave and the boulders with which it is closed are moved cautiously aside. BROKEN FOOT, the man of the cave, is aware of day. His figure is dimly seen in the entrance. He emerges and stands before the cave, listening. The light increases. BROKEN FOOT suddenly crouches, gazing intently at the lower pool. The tall rushes quiver and a stag's head emerges from them. The stag drinks. BROKEN FOOT picks up a stone and creeps forward. He hurls the stone upon the stag. The animal, struck fairly, crashes back among the rushes and the stone caroms into the pool with a great splash. BROKEN FOOT utters a cry and leaps into the rushes. They quiver with a struggle from which BROKEN FOOT emerges, dragging the limp body of the stag. He pulls the carcass up over the rocks to the level before the cave and throws it down with a grunt of triumph. The prelude ends. BROKEN FOOT hunts for an edged stone and, finding one, begins to cut at the deer. He first jabs at the throat and sucks the warm blood. The red shows upon his hands and beard. He cuts at the body of the stag. SCAR FACE, rather fat for a cave man, enters upon the hill. He squats and observes BROKEN FOOT. The men are brown-skinned, with short rough hair and beards, and wide noses; they are hairy on chest, back and limbs, and are girded with animal pelts.*]

BROKEN FOOT

A-a-a! The stone is dull, the skin tougher than wood. If the flesh matches it, I have made a poor kill.

[SCAR FACE lets a few loose stones fall over the cliff.

THE CAVE MAN

At their clatter BROKEN FOOT springs up in alarm and grasps the stag by the antlers.

SCAR FACE

Broken Foot's knife is of little use to him.

BROKEN FOOT

And less use to you. The meat is mine, Scar Face. Go kill your own eating.

SCAR FACE

And if I do kill I have a knife that will cut my food.

BROKEN FOOT

Give it to me.

SCAR FACE

The knife is mine, Broken Foot, as the meat is yours. Look you, let my knife cut your meat for us both.

BROKEN FOOT

What kind of knife is it—stone?

SCAR FACE

Sharper than ever stone was. I'll come down there and you shall see.

[He descends from the cliff by a path among the trees.]

BROKEN FOOT

If it is not keen you shall have none of this meat.

SCAR FACE (*pausing in his descent*)

See! was ever stone so sharp as the knife I have? This has done bloody work in its time, men's blood, too. Do you know who used it?

BROKEN FOOT

I can not see from here. Come down.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

SCAR FACE

Your pledge that you will not fight for it?

BROKEN FOOT

Aye.

[SCAR FACE *comes down to BROKEN FOOT and shows him his knife.*

The sabre-tooth!

SCAR FACE

I found the white bones bleaching in the sun. The other tooth was missing, broken off close, perhaps in the tiger's last fight. With a stone and much care I got this safely off the skull. Now it works in my hand as it served the beast once. See, how it cuts!

[SCAR FACE *attacks the stag's carcass with eagerness. BROKEN FOOT watches moodily, then joins him, crouching over the meat. They take pieces and eat.*

SCAR FACE

The meat is good.

BROKEN FOOT

Give me the knife.

SCAR FACE

No, there will be more meat to cut, I hope. But I will give you another thing.

BROKEN FOOT

What?

SCAR FACE

I will tell you something. It is a great thing that I have found. Often you have waked in the cave, before the light creeps through the door cracks, and been thirsty?

THE CAVE MAN

BROKEN FOOT

Aye, well!

SCAR FACE

The night was still and you could hear the water falling outside in the darkness. And you grew more thirsty, hearing it call to you and mock you because you could not go out to it and drink, for it was night and no man may stir from the safety of the cave after nightfall. Eh?

BROKEN FOOT

You have many words, Scar Face, but no news.

SCAR FACE

Once I had none, like you. I, too, listened with dry throat and waited for the day. But not now!

BROKEN FOOT

O-ho, now you come out into the darkness and all the forest is afraid of you, because of your knife—the lions and wolves, even, go running, thinking you are old Sabre-Tooth himself? Am I a cub that you give me such words?

[SCAR FACE *laughs teasingly* and BROKEN FOOT *rages*.

Here! I have killed this meat for myself, yet I had rather your mouth were filled with it than with such talk.

SCAR FACE

Before I fill it my talk shall pay you. Hear me. All your life you have seen the great gourd hanging upon the forest vines; you have known that when it dries the gourd is hollow but for the seeds that rattle in it. And all your life you have seen how the rain lies in the hollow places in the rocks until the sun drinks it. But Broken Foot, the great fighter with sharp stones, he has never thought to

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

himself: "Water will stand in the hollow gourd if I fill it at the stream and take it to the cave." No, he is a great man among the caves, but he lies awake thirsty through the night while Scar Face drinks when he will!

BROKEN FOOT (*pondering*)

Aye, it is true, I never thought of that!

SCAR FACE

See there, two hunters from the river.

BROKEN FOOT

Short Legs is one of them; I know him by his walk.

SCAR FACE

The other is he that has eyes like a fish and swims like one. Those two hunt together always.

[FISH EYES and SHORT LEGS enter with fish and game.]

They have hunted well, this morning. Their hands are filled with something. Hi-i!

[*The two hunters pause.*]

BROKEN FOOT

Why do you call them?

SCAR FACE

Hi, cave men, what kill so early?

FISH EYES

The great black fish, father of them all. After many days of trying I have caught him.

SHORT LEGS

And a white swan that I struck fairly with a stone cast from shore.

THE CAVE MAN

SCAR FACE

I have the keenest knife of all the forest—a sabre tooth. It cuts easily through fish scale and feathers. Let us share what we have.

BROKEN FOOT

Ho, have you not filled your belly with my meat?

SCAR FACE

But it was only meat. And here is fish and water-fowl as well. You, too, shall share them.

See, here is the knife and meat I have cut with it.

[SCAR FACE, *with a bunk cut from the deer, comes down to the newcomers. The three gather on some rocks and proceed to share the food.* BROKEN FOOT *watches them, then comes down, glowering with meat in his hand.*

BROKEN FOOT

Why do you hunt together always?

SHORT LEGS

We need each other. I can cast a stone straighter than the white owl falls upon the willow-grouse or the ripe nut drops to the ground. I lie quiet by the water's edge and when the ducks come near shore, not too near, for I can throw far, I cast the stone that leaves one always floating when the others rise from the water with splashing feet. But there the bird floats and I am on the shore, for I am a poor swimmer.

FISH EYES

The otter is no better swimmer than I. The bottom of the river is as clear to me as rocks through air. And I can stop breathing—I can follow the fish into their hiding places under the elder roots. That is how I got this old

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fellow there, that Scar Face is leaving the backbone of!

SCAR FACE

I could get Short Legs' ducks for him without swimming.

FISH EYES

Huh! You would make the sound that the duck makes, now that it is the mating season, and they would swim into your hands. But when Short Legs hits one with a stone it cares no more for mating!

SCAR FACE

No. I understand many things that you do not, Web-foot! You have never yet made a mating noise of any kind.

FISH EYES

The noise you make is—

SCAR FACE

Let us not quarrel; we have eaten too well. I will tell you something. Yesterday I sat upon a log that floated in a little bay. My weight loosened it from the grasses that held it and the moving water carried me away from the bank. It was no new thing for me to float down the river. It is much better than walking over rough paths. But as I floated slowly I could see along the bank a mass of berries, turning red even now, though the season is but new. My lips watered for them, but I was floating past them. Then I found a strange thing. My leg had slipped into the water on the farther side of the log. As it did so, the log turned slightly toward those berries, I tried that leg again and then that arm, and the log obeyed me and I stained my mouth with the cool, sweet blood of those berries. If you will kill a duck for me, Short Legs, I will show you how I can float out and get it.

THE CAVE MAN

BROKEN FOOT

In the matter of the gourd I believe you, Scar Face, but Short Legs will go hungry for ducks if he trusts to your swimming log. For my part, I shall do as Left Hand did with the young timber wolf. He killed a she wolf once and took a she cub to his cave and tied her there. It was a strange fancy. We have troubles enough outside our caves without bringing them in. Yet the young wolf grew gentle and seldom offered to bite him, though he did not trust her. Later he let her go, when she was large, and the wolves came to the cave's mouth in the mating season, but she kept in the forest near him and he never harmed her. More than that, he gave her meat when he had plenty. She had young, and Left Hand again took one to his cave. Then she went away taking the other cub. But Left Hand's wolf grew friendly from the first and now they hunt together like men. Left Hand stuns or kills the game and the wolf fetches it from where it falls.

FISH EYES

If it were not Broken Foot, the man who fights so well with the stone dagger, one might say his story is like those that One Eye, the gray haired, tells to boys before his son's cave.

BROKEN FOOT

My story is true, you water-weed. And the tales of One Eye are true, at least those stories of the great beasts of long ago. I myself have seen the enormous bones washed out of the hillside that winter when the rain fell from the sky like a river down a cliff.

SCAR FACE

One Eye's tales are well enough for old men who are through with a man's life and for boys who have not

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begun. One Eye lives in a past that is so much better than to-day I am sorry I was born so late. Nothing is so good to One Eye now as it was once. To me this forest seems very good. Surely it is much more comfortable than when those monster bones had flesh on them! But One Eye says the forest is changing sadly; it is not what it was when he was young!

SHORT LEGS

I have heard One Eye tell his stories and I believe he did those deeds in the same way that I have had fine long legs and run like a deer and done great hunting. But it was only at night in the cave when I was asleep.

BROKEN FOOT

Scar Face is so wise and knows so many things, he can tell us how it is we do such deeds at night, how we travel into other forests and kill tigers without leaving the safe warm cave.

SCAR FACE

The deeds you speak of are dreams. All people do those things.

SHORT LEGS

Where are the places we visit and why are we always in the cave just where we lay down before we see them?

SCAR FACE

If I told you, you would not understand, for you go to the pool to drink when you are thirsty and you swim in the cold water to get a wounded duck,—I am different from you. But I will tell you this much. I knew a man who had traveled farther from our cave country than any other we have known. He told me once that he had come into a great wide land where there were no trees, where all was sand such as the river leaves when it grows small

THE CAVE MAN

under the sun. And as he journeyed in this strange land he saw ahead of him a quiet lake fringed with trees and rushes and with water-fowl circling over it. He went forward eagerly, for his throat was hot, but as he hastened the lake faded suddenly and there was nothing there but sand. Yet it was daylight and he was awake and running. It is the same with dreams.

[WOLF SKIN enters high on the hill. He pauses and looks down upon the group. He carries big game over his shoulder. Around his loins he has the gray pelt of a timber wolf.]

FISH EYES

See, there is Wolf Skin upon the hill. Ai-i-i, what game did you get?

WOLF SKIN

I have killed a young boar. He will make juicy eating in the cave, yet he got blood from me ere I killed him.

SCAR FACE

Rest here with us!

BROKEN FOOT

Aye, Wolf Skin, do not take the boar meat to your cave. Scar Face has a sabre tooth and a belly like the tiger's, never filled. Share with him.

WOLF SKIN

I share my meat with no one but my own. My cave is not like that of Scar Face. He lets his mate hunt for him and feed him like a wide-mouthed nestling. Nor do I hunt for my own eating merely, like Fish Eyes and Short Legs, who have no mates; they have mated with each other for sake of food. I have a daughter in my cave; she is fleet and strong, grown to a woman now, but she shall not kill her own meat while Wolf Skin has his hunting strength.

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SCAR FACE

In these soft words of greeting you have had none for Broken Foot, whose cave is empty.

WOLF SKIN

For Broken Foot I have words more near. I have news for him.

BROKEN FOOT

Let me have it now.

WOLF SKIN

Singing Bird will be kept waiting, yet I will stop to tell you.

[*He descends.*]

SCAR FACE

Before long, Singing Bird will look for her food from hands she will like better.

WOLF SKIN (*pausing*)

That time has come, already. Once the girl would shrink into the shadow when a man stopped by our cave. When I asked her to bring food to the stranger in token of friendship, she would fetch it shyly, without looking in the stranger's eyes, and when she had given it to him she would draw back swiftly into the cave and the song that is ever upon her lips would be hushed like that of a bird darkened by the hawk's shadow. It is not so now. She draws near, though she trembles, and her eyes are bright and fixed upon the stranger's face and the song goes on under her breath, as though it ran in her blood like the song of the brook there. And she goes far from the cave's mouth, too distant for a maiden in our dangerous woods. When I have been hunting far from our cave in flower-sprinkled glades I have heard her song as she wandered,

THE CAVE MAN

forgetful of danger. It is not good that she should be so careless of her life. Yet what is to be done? The woods are alive with the mating of birds and beasts; it is the love season, and my cave must lose her as that other cave lost her mother the day I took my mate.

SCAR FOOT

Is this the news you bring Broken Foot?

WOLF SKIN (*coming down*)

That news is for the man whom Singing Bird will let take her from my cave. My words for Broken Foot touch him alone. Listen! Yesterday, as the sun sank toward the hilltop, I heard my daughter singing in the woods. Suddenly the song ceased and I heard her running through the ferns. Fearful that some beast had braved the daylight to follow her, waked by her foolish song, I sprang after her. As I turned through the trees, I came on a young fellow, unknown in these caves. In one hand he bore a weapon, new to me; it was both wood and stone. He faced me without show of fight. "I frightened her," he said. He spoke straightforwardly and without evil. "I frightened her," he said again, "and gladly would I have followed her to see if I might take her, for I have seen no such maiden among the Shell People. But I must finish other hunting first. I would find the cave by the dropping water where Broken Foot lives, a man who drags one foot as he walks. Point me there." He would say nothing more, but questioned me again, and I asked no further and told him of this place. It may be my news is old. Has he been here?

BROKEN FOOT

None but these mighty hunters who have stopped to talk like women on my rocks. I shall be glad of a real

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man, if he be one, though I have no quarrel with the father of Singing Bird.

WOLF SKIN

She may quarrel with me if I keep the boar's meat from her for so long a time. See, the great clouds gather across the sun. There may be water falling and mighty roaring of the sky creatures. My cave is dry and waiting.

[He ascends.]

Good hunting to you all and no more dangerous growl than mine!

[He goes away through the trees.]

SCAR FACE

Let him growl as he will. I would growl, too, if I had to do all the hunting for my cave. Red Hair makes my cave comfortable, save when she rages. She likes hunting and I like eating. We get on very well. My she cubs shall be taught to make themselves useful and worth mating with. I want something more than singing when I am hungry. Yet Wolf Skin's girl can be taught if any of you are thinking of her.

FISH EYES

Not I. I never longed to be tied to one cave. I like to wander as I will, without wife and young ones to bring me back at evening. I like to eat my kill somewhere near where I find it, not carry it home.

SHORT LEGS

I would rather not wander at all. The cave of Scar Face is the kind for me. There was a girl in Split Beard's cave that was a good hunter. I should have liked to have her, but Stone Arm took her. Scar Face says Singing Bird can be taught. That is so. I will teach her and we shall have a cave together. That will be better than

THE CAVE MAN

trying to keep up with Fish Eyes who walks too fast. I will go after her now.

[He rises and BROKEN FOOT, springing up, fells him.]

BROKEN FOOT

Teach dead ducks to swim ashore! Singing Bird comes to this cave and to none other. There I shall hang what you have left of my kill, and she and I shall finish it together when I have brought her home.

[BROKEN FOOT, returning up the rocks, picks up the remainder of the dead stag and goes into his cave.]

SHORT LEGS rises and rages against him.

SHORT LEGS

Cave bully! Cripple! Robber of dead men's caves! Where is your other mate, the wife of your brother? Why does she not work for you now and take your blows? When Singing Bird sees your limping foot she will run from you laughing.

[During this tirade, BROKEN FOOT has come from his cave and calmly rolled the boulders before it. He places a great stone dagger in his belt and starts indifferently up the bill.]

BROKEN FOOT

Let the maiden look upon your beautiful legs and she will know that she need not run from you.

FISH EYES

(advancing to the support of his friend)

His legs have never carried him into a stolen cave! Where is Heavy Hand, your brother, who once lived there? Where is the boy who went hunting with the two of you when you came home alone? Stories of tigers! Tell them

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to Wolf Skin when you take his daughter. It may be that you hunt for the last time today.

[SCAR FACE *is asleep upon the rocks. Music is heard, the theme of Broken Foot changing to that of Long Arm.*

SHORT LEGS

No, Broken Foot only pretends to go wooing. He is running away from the stranger who seeks the cave of the man that drags one foot as he walks.

[BROKEN FOOT *turns on them angrily. As he does so, LONG ARM enters rapidly on the upper path and stops at the sight of the men below him.*

BROKEN FOOT

You crawling worm! I run from no man. If I meet the stranger he shall step aside, or he shall learn that no one stands in the way when Broken Foot seeks his mate.

[*During this, LONG ARM has stood listening intently. BROKEN FOOT, far above the others, has his back turned toward the hillside. BROKEN FOOT laughs scornfully, and, turning along the path, begins the limping walk that characterizes him. LONG ARM gives a great cry of recognition and rage, and springs down the hill. BROKEN FOOT takes a position and squares himself for combat. Their battle follows. It is the unequal struggle of the missile and the knife against the axe. BROKEN FOOT has his weapon dashed from his hand by the strange weapon of the newcomer and LONG ARM's axe descends crashing through the skull of his antagonist. BROKEN FOOT crumples up in silence. LONG ARM, with a yell of triumph, seizes his body, holds it in air, and then throws it headlong down the hill; looking after it, he*

THE CAVE MAN

becomes aware of the witnesses whom he has forgotten in his excitement. There is a tense pause, then LONG ARM speaks.

LONG ARM

Hear me,
Men of the tree-caves;
I have killed Broken Foot;
Hear why I killed him,
Hear me, and judge
Whether we fight
Or be friends.

FISH EYES

What name was given you; where is your cave?

[LONG ARM *descends a little.*

LONG ARM

I am called Long Arm,
Named from this weapon
Which I have made.
I am come hither
From the vast water
Where the sun dives
And, all night, swims under
Till, in the morning,
He comes up through the hills.
Yet in my early days
I have beheld the sun
Sink into yonder hill,
Yea, from this very cave—
Men of the mighty trees,
I am come home again!
I am the son of him
Once they called Heavy Hand;
Born in that shelter there,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Fed from these teeming woods,
Cooled by this little stream—
Now will you hear me,
Hear why I came again,
Came home to kill?
When I saw Broken Foot
Limp from his stolen cave,
Only my comrade,
My weapon, spoke for me,
Swift words, without answer!
Yet, unto you,
As unto brothers
Gathered together
In the cave's quiet,
Now would I speak,
Bidding my weapon
Among you be still.
I would be friends with you.

[*He throws down his stone axe, leaving himself unarmed.*

Say, will you hear?

[*They do not pick up the weapon, but gesture to proceed. LONG ARM comes nearer.*

I was a boy here
Under these trees!
No one in all the wood
Had such a cave as we;
Room to stand up in it,
Dry through the times of rain,
Narrow the mouth of it,
Choked with great boulders,
All of my father's strength
Needed to move them
Morning and night;
That is the cave there,—

THE CAVE MAN

I have come home!
Here we lived happily,
Proud of our cave,
Proud of my father's strength,
Glad of the game he killed,
And my mother was deft,
Taking the skins he brought,
Scraping the blood side,
Fastening the edges,
So she made clothes.
Joyful my father brought
Beasts from the forest;
Sure was his aim
With the stones that he threw;
Mighty the skull-crashing
Blows he could deal with them;
All of the cave men
Knew and feared Heavy Hand;
Greatly I loved him,
He was my father.

You that remember him
Know how he went away
And came not again.
He that lies yonder
Where I have thrown him
For the night beasts to clear away,
Broken Foot, the false brother,
He might have told the tale;
Blood fills his mouth now,
Spilled from his cloven skull;
The boy has come home!
Then let me tell.

[*He comes down to the others and sits with them.*]

Season of winter rain,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Season of summer sun,
They had gone over us,
Both for each finger
Here on my hands,
There, by the pool's edge,
One day my father sat
Shaping a stone
Into a weapon
Fit for his hand.
Near, on a sunny rock,
Sprawling I lay,
Rapt in a child's play—
I was a lizard,
Flat in the sun,—
There, as my father wrought,
To him came Broken Foot,
Brothers they were,
Cave-born together,
Sharing their mother's milk,
Tearing the meat
Their father had killed for them
Ere they could kill;
So they had grown up,
Mated and parted;
Yet ever my father,
Here in the cave he found,
Welcomed his brother,
Sharing our beds of leaves,
Sharing his kill;
Hear how he paid!
Making his weapon,
Here by the pool's edge,
To him came Broken Foot,
Hiding his evil thoughts.
Greatly he coveted
The warmth of our cave,

THE CAVE MAN

Hot was his lust
For the arms of my mother;
So with a snake's tongue
He came to my father,
Calling him brother,
Told of a wondrous place
Where there was food.
Far did it lie from here,
Far in an open land,
Out of the trees;
Where he had learned of it
Never I knew,
But as he told of it,
Wide-eyed and breathless
Marked I this tale.

[*A musical accompaniment to the narrative begins.*

There was a snare set,—
Not by the hands of men!
Huge it was spread
Over that open land;
Out of the marshy ground,
Black as a starless night,
Oozed up a sticky slime
At the edge of a pool.
As from the tree trunks
Under the noonday sun
The tree blood oozes,
Sticky and warm,
And little flying things, lighting,
Are caught there to die,
So said Broken Foot
Then to my father,
Birds and beasts
Whose flesh is our food,
Coming to drink there

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Are snared in the tar!
Rabbits and squirrels,
The big wading heron,
The bison and camel,
Even the deer,
Fleeter than all,
Fast were they held there,
Rooted like water-plants
Deep in the mire;
Hearing their cries,
The coyote came creeping,
Came the great condor
Swooping to feed on
The dead that were rotting there;
Never they came again!
Fleet foot and spreading wings
Helped them no more.

Eagerly listened
My father to Broken Foot,
Telling these wonders,
Naming this food trap
Filled for the taking;
Then he told more:
To the tar pool the bleating
And whine of the trapped ones
Drew from a distance
The wolves and the lions,
Called from his secret lair
Him our old enemy,
The sabre-tooth tiger;
There, with their dripping fangs,
Came the great beasts of blood,
Lustful for prey;
Then as they seized it,
Snared there and held for them,

THE CAVE MAN

Sudden the sticky slime
Closed its black fingers
Fast on those bloody paws,—
Naught was their strength to them,
All that the cave man fears
Struggled there, helpless
In the clutch of the tar.

Listening to Broken Foot
Tell of this death-trap,
Up sprang my father,
Hot with the hunting lust;
Into the forest
The cave men set forth;
Me they forgot,
Flat on my sunny rock,
But lizard no more!
Cub of the timber wolf,
Son of my hunting sire,
I followed their feet.

Hugely my father raged
When toward evening
I sought him for safety,
Far from the cave
And the side of my mother;
Gladly had Broken Foot
Killed me at sight of me,
But for fear of my father;
So, when the morning
Lighted the stranger wood
Still we went on.

Days through the forest
Broken Foot led us;
False was his heart;

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

But his story was true.
All of my life
I shall remember
What we found there
Out in the open plain;
Never have cave eyes
Looked on such stores of game,
Hunter and hunted
Lying together,
Blending their cries,
Bleating and fighting,
With death and each other.

Few words will tell the rest;
Brief was the time of it,
Long have the years been
That brought me revenge.

[He springs to his feet.]

Gladly my father
Leaped to the water's edge,
Loudly he laughed
In the joy of the hunter
Beholding the quarry there;
Far over he leaned—
Over that pool of death—
Trusting the arm
Of the brother who led him there;
Trusting the heart
Of the man that betrayed him. . . .

[He utters a wild cry which is echoed in the music.]

Ah, I have lived since then
Hearing that awful cry,
Long drawn and anguished;
Hearing that wail of fear
Rise above all their cries—

THE CAVE MAN

Voices of dying beasts,
Trapped there and terrified;
Voice of a man betrayed,
Calling his little son,
All blending in agony—
Helpless I heard
Over that roar of death
The shrieks of my father
Till in the crawling slime
He choked and

[*The music ceases.*]

Now is that cry hushed,
It rings in my ears no more.
Grown to a man's might,
Here on this hillside,
Here by this cave's mouth,
I have heard Broken Foot
Utter his death-sob,
Strangled with blood.
I am come home again,
Fain would I rest
Under these longed for trees.
Who says me nay?

[SCAR FACE *picks up the weapon lying where LONG ARM threw it, and hands it to him.*]

SCAR FACE

Take your weapon again. Broken Foot had no man's love. In all the caves the talk ran that his cave was stolen and his mate likewise.

LONG ARM

And she—

SCAR FACE

She died, some years gone, men say from cruel use.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

FISH EYES

How did you get away from Broken Foot after he had thrust Heavy Hand into the pool?

LONG ARM

Swift-footed with terror, I ran from that place, I ran to the river and loosened a log that was nuzzling the bank. The tide took me away, though he followed hard after, shrieking with anger and hurling stones, some of which bruised me. Yet I clung to the log. And so I went down with the stream until I saw a great lake whose water heaved uneasily, though there was no wind at all, and broke upon the sand with a roar that filled the air. There was no shore at the other side of that lake. As the log bore me toward that roaring water, I slid off and swam, but the water came after me and caught me and rolled me over on the sand. The water was not sweet like the river. It was harsh in my mouth and I was sick at it. I crept over the sand out of the water's reach, and again it followed me, but I crept farther and at last it ceased to chase me, and went back slowly to where it had been. As I lay there wondering at all these things two men found me. They were not like our people. They live by the bitter water, on huge mounds of shells and bones, left there from the food of their fathers and their fathers' fathers. And mingled with the bones and shells are the bones of those who have lived and died there. They are the Shell People, and they were very good to me, and I lived with them and grew to be a man. But ever I longed for the cave under the mighty trees, for the shell-mounds were bare and treeless, and the mounds and the bitter water were evil smelling, and I thought of our ferns and vines and the pleasant odor of the green tips on the branches of our great red trees. And always I thought of Broken Foot and the hate I bore him. Therefore, when I became a man, with

THE CAVE MAN

strength like his, I took leave of the Shell People and followed the river into the forest, past the deadly tar pool that cluded my father, and on into the trees. So I came home!

SCAR FACE

The cave is yours again. Yet Broken Foot could fight better than any man of the caves. What is this new weapon that has stopped his fighting?

LONG ARM

Always, as I followed the river, I thought of my meeting with Broken Foot, of his great arms, and of the mighty blows he gave with his knife. I knew my arms were shorter than his and no stronger. And so it came to me one day to make my arm longer with strong wood, and to set my sharp flint in the wood's hand, that I might better fight with Broken Foot. I gave the wood a hand, stronger than mine, by splitting the end a little and binding it with thongs. So my weapon was made. I have named it the axe.

SCAR FACE

I shall make one, too, but I shall make it a little better.

[ONE EYE *enters, running, breathless and fainting.*

SHORT LEGS

Ai-i, it is One Eye, the aged, far from his cave!

FISH EYES

Quick, tell us the danger.

ONE EYE

The man-beast!

[*All but LONG ARM spring together in defense, crying, "The man-beast?" "Near us?"*

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I do not know. Listen! I am an old man, with much sorrow. There was a time when I was young and strong as you, but I have no breath for that now. My son, who gave me shelter in his cave, has been taken by a lion. I was left alone, old and feeble, with but half my sight, unable to get meat. I must brave the forest and make my way to the cave of my other son or starve, for there is no fruit or nuts now. So, when the day broke bright, I started. Once, as I rested, listening, I heard feet like a man's passing among the trees. I should have aid to my son! But I did not cry out. I waited. Then he came, and I sickened with despair and the knowledge that my life was over. Even an old man, whose days are filled with weariness and fear, clings to his life at the end. It was not a man of the caves. It was the hideous man-beast that has been gone so long from our woods that we had ceased to dread him. He is a man that has no speech; a beast that has fingers like ours and can throw stones as we do. He is a beast that is hot for our women; a man that can have no young. He is neither man nor beast, but he has thoughts like a man and his strength is the strength of two men in their prime. Always we of the cave have known that to meet him is death.

SCAR FACE

Yet you have got away!

ONE EYE

It is like the things we do in sleep; it does not belong to the day. I lay flat on the ground, almost dead with fear. It may be he thought me truly so, for he gazed at me, for an instant, questioning. But no, he was following something, and all his senses were keen for the chase of that prey, whatever it was. He had no care for me, gray and withered on the ground. With little gleaming eyes and panting breath, with his great teeth clicking, he passed on

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and his footsteps ceased in the distance. When my fear had gone so that these old legs would bear me, I set forth running. The day has been good to me again!

LONG ARM

I am Long Arm. With my stone axe I have slain Broken Foot, who stole our cave, and the cave is mine again. You may rest with me and the man-beast shall not harm you.

ONE EYE

I remember Heavy Hand, your father, and Broken Foot's story of the tiger that took you both. If you are a true son of your father your cave will be good to live in. But no man may stand against the beast that walks like a man; only a well-blocked cave is safe. I must go to my son and warn him and we will be watchful. There are three men here who can take me to his cave. Will you help me?

FISH EYES

We will take you, One Eye, and on our way we'll warn the caves we pass. The clouds grow thick again.

[All go up the hillside, LONG ARM rolls back the boulders at the cave's mouth.]

SCAR FACE

Good rest to you, Long Arm, safe sleep at home again. If Broken Foot's skull has turned the edge of the axe, you would best sharpen it against the man-beast's coming.

ONE EYE

Trust no edge of stone against that evil strength.

LONG ARM

The axe, new sharpened, and the cave, new found, shall

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serve you all in any hour of danger.

[He goes into the cave.]

SCAR FACE

You do not know the wonder of that new weapon. I shall make one, also, but I shall make it a great deal better.

FISH EYES

Which way lies your son's cave?

ONE EYE

Toward the new sunlight.

[They disappear in the forest. LONG ARM comes from the cave singing the Song of the Flint. During its progress he seats himself on the rocks above the big pool and finally strikes with the flint, sending up sparks.]

LONG ARM (*singing*)

Flint in my hand!
All the wood waits for me;
I am its master
While there is sunlight,
While I can see.
Sharpened and shaped for me,
Lashed to my oaken arm,
Strike at my quarry now,
Bite to the heart,
Hungry tooth of the flint!

Strike!
Flint on flint;
Send up the little stars
That fade ere they fly.

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I shall bring home with me,
Home to my cave,
Beasts that have longed for me,
Followed me, sprung at me
Out of the shadow
Into the sun;
Scarred with the flint's bite,
Blood-drip to mark the path,
We shall come dragging them,
We shall come home with them,
The black flint and I!

Strike! Strike!
Flint on flint,
Spark after spark;
Wake from your black depths
The lights that go flashing
Like the bright bugs that play
Over water at evening.

Men of the neighbor caves,
They shall behold us
Hunting together,
Laden with spoil;
They shall make way for us;
Give us a free road
Home to our rest;
He that would bar us
Shall lie in the leaves!
And from the cave-mouths,
Eyes like the young deer's
Shall follow with longing
The feet of the hunter,
While we come home
The black flint and I!

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Strike! Strike! Strike!
Flint on flint,
Spark after spark,
Faster and faster;
Out of the dark,
Out of the heart of the oak
And the flint's black belly,
The friend that shall fight for me,
Smite for me, bite for me,
My weapon is borne!

[*After the conclusion of the song he discovers a tongue of flame rising from the place where he has been working. The theme of Fire has entered in the music. LONG ARM gazes at the flame with surprise, then curiosity and caution. To him it is some kind of bright serpent. He steals upon it with his weapon and strikes it. Then he seizes it, supposing it dead; it burns him like a bite, and with a cry he shakes it from him and it falls by chance into the pool, with a sharp hiss. He looks after it with eagerness, shaking his stinging hand. He examines the pool and finally draws forth the extinguished brand. He gazes at it, lost in thought. Just here there is an interruption in the music and the theme of the Song of the Flint recurs, illustrating his thought. With a cry of understanding, he springs up the rocks and strikes again flint upon flint. Again the sparks fly up and the fire is kindled. Cautiously LONG ARM lifts the end of the brand, examines the flame, then comes down the rocks in childish delight, waving his new plaything and lighting other twigs with it. As he does this, the sound of a cave maiden singing light heartedly is heard at a distance. LONG ARM stops his play and listens. As the singing draws nearer, the brand, forgotten,*

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falls from his hand and burns out upon the rock. During the progress of the song, SINGING BIRD enters on the bill and pauses at a rock where the little stream babbles over. Here she sits, dipping her hands in the water where it sparkles among the ferns, while her song goes on. Toward its height she holds out her arms to the sun and rises with the passion of the song; at its close, she spies two doves, billing upon a branch above her head. As she gazes at these, in a rapture of sympathy, a great yellow butterfly sails by her, pursued by another. SINGING BIRD darts after them, but they wheel and elude her and are gone. She plays with a blossoming vine and picks some of the bloom. Then she looks down upon the big pool and discovers that its waters are quiet and will serve as a mirror. With a little cry of delight she comes down the rocks to the pool and, gazing at herself, twines the blossoms in her mass of hair.

SINGING BIRD (*singing*)

Warm slept I in the cave's deep shadow, sweet with love
was my dream!

I dreamed that I roved,
Far following a pathway strange, beside an unknown
stream—

There was I loved!
Although I fled he caught me, his great limbs held my feet,
Strongly he held me near,

Ah, mightily pressed,
Yet, struggling not, I lay there, strangely still nor fain to
be fleet;

Glad of his breast!
Within the cave I woke and heard the stream murmur
his words,

Whispering near;

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

My bosom answered, throbbing with my dream;
The call of mating birds
Filled my ear;
The woodland spoke
A message clear
When I awoke!
So came I down the sunlit path that leads I know not
where,—
Dear sun, be my guide!
My blood with love is warm as thou hast made the quick-
ening air;
Spring flows full tide.
Above me, see, the tender doves are billing with trembling
wings
On every tree;
Oh joy of spring, the world is full of happy mating things,
Welcoming me!
For I shall find my lover by some stream,
And shall not flee
From his will;
And all the aching sweetness of my dream
Our happiness to be
Shall fulfill;
Even apart,
No time shall still
His beating heart!
Shine, shine on me, dear sun, and lead me, following thy
beams,
To where he may wait;
Oh joy of spring, oh love more warm than sun, more dear
than dreams,
Give me my mate!

[LONG ARM, *who has bidden at her approach, now
steals toward her. But she catches his reflection
in the pool and, with a shrill cry, she leaps up*

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the rocks. He does not follow, but calls to her tenderly, and she pauses and turns toward him.

LONG ARM

Ah, do not run from me. Hear who I am. I saw you yesterday and you stopped your song. Yet I did not follow you, though my heart beat fast at your beauty. For though I had never longed for a woman till I saw you in the blossoming glade, I had a man's work to do before I followed love. I talked with your father; he knows I came to fight only one man of all these woods. Him I have fought and killed, and I have got again the cave he stole from my father. The cave is warm and high, but ah, it is empty and I want you for it!

[He moves toward her, but she springs away.]

LONG ARM

Do not run, I shall follow. See, there is no cave like this in all the wood; there is no weapon like the stone axe I have made. Food you shall have, in plenty, and warm leaves in a dry cave and no enemy shall come near you for none may stand against this axe of mine. And we shall be warm and safe here with sweet water falling, and you shall sing all day in the pleasant sun. And on these rocks, where long ago I played, our little brown babes shall laugh and tumble, and we shall watch them, smiling and without fear. And look, we shall teach them the wonderful thing I have learned today: how to make the little stars fly out in the daylight, and how to catch a bit of the sun to play with. Look, I will show you what I can do!

[While she is on the tiptoe of escape at every move he makes, he succeeds in making the fire once more, as she watches the process with growing fascination. As the flame burns up brightly she draws nearer to him with open mouth. As the fire is

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being thus displayed to the wonder of the cave maiden, the theme of the Man-Beast is heard in the music, and the MAN-BEAST comes creeping stealthily down from the upper levels. He disappears midway down the hillside, but reappears immediately on the overhanging ledge above the cave and stands there, grinning evilly at the pair below him. Occupied with the fire they are unaware of their danger.

LONG ARM

See how the little stars fly up? Soon there will be a big star lying in the grass. I thought it was a snake at first and that I could kill it. It is not a snake, though it will bite you if you let it touch you. But if it is angry I can stop it in the water. See! Come closer and see!

[The MAN-BEAST loosens stones at the edge of the cliff and they clatter down. With a cry, the cave maiden springs toward LONG ARM for protection. He puts his arm around her and together they stand for an instant, transfixed with terror. The MAN-BEAST descends the cliff, barring escape to the cave. The man and woman turn and flee down the rocks, but the man turns suddenly and braves the creature, that the woman may escape. He has picked up his axe where he dropped it when he found the fire; the brand he was displaying to the woman lies among the rocks still burning. The MAN-BEAST rushes upon LONG ARM. LONG ARM brandishes his axe and the MAN-BEAST seizes it and wrenches it from him and breaks it with his hands, as though it were a twig. Then, before LONG ARM can get away from him, he seizes him and proceeds to crush him in his hideous arms. At this moment the

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woman, who paused in her flight and looked back, utters a cry of concern. The MAN-BEAST hurls LONG-ARM to the ground and starts lumbering after the woman. She tries desperately to circle him and get to the cave. She evades him, but he follows her to the entrance of the cave. LONG ARM, who is merely stunned, recovers, and seizes the fire-brand, remembering its bite, and attacks the MAN-BEAST as he reaches the woman at the cave. LONG ARM strikes a blow with the brand. The MAN-BEAST, turns snarling. LONG ARM strikes him in the face and drives him bowling into the woods. LONG ARM returns in triumph, singing the music of the Spring Song, in which SINGING BIRD joins from the entrance of the cave.

LONG ARM (*singing*)

Lo, I have filled him with terror;
From the fire he fled away!
No more my cave shall fear him,
I shall keep him still at bay.
Before my cave the fire shall burn
Through all the terror-haunted night,
And all the wondering woods shall learn
How mightily these comrades fight,
The fire and I!

SINGING BIRD (*singing*)

How can it be he has conquered,
Alone and unaided by stone!
Happy and safe will his cave be,
Although he shall guard it alone.

LONG ARM

Ah, see my cave is waiting,
Safely guarded from harms,

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Share it with me!
My bed of leaves is lonely,
Closely folded in my arms,
Warm wilt thou be.

SINGING BIRD

Ah, like a leaf that the river
Tenderly floats to rest
Upon the shore,
A tide of love now bears me
Blissfully to his breast,
To wander no more.

LONG ARM

And all night long together we shall rest
And feel the throbbing of each other's breast,
And closely, softly, warmly lie
In the cave's deep shelter, thou and I;
Come, share my cave, the leaves await.

SINGING BIRD

Take me, take me for thy mate!
(*singing together*)
Ah, see, the cave is waiting, safely guarded from
harms,
Warm will we be;
On leafy bed soft lying, closely held in thy arms,
Mating with thee!
[*At the conclusion of the song they embrace and enter
the cave; the two boulders are rolled against its
mouth, and the daylight fades into darkness as
the music of the Spring Song is lifted into the
ecstasy of primal joy.*]

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INTERMEZZO

(This musical interlude is in the form of a dance descriptive of the fitting of fire-flies in the gathering darkness and representing the joy of the mated lovers in the cave. During the intermezzo fire-flies dart hither and thither above the pools. They are few at first but the number increases until the air is filled with tiny flashes of fire.)

ACT II

The scene is same as in Act I.

[Out of the intense darkness a small flame starts up in front of the cave. The fire grows, lighting up the faces and figures of the mated cave lovers, and flickers brightly on the grim face of the cliff. LONG ARM and SINGING BIRD have built a fire in front of their cave. SINGING BIRD brings out the remnant of the deer and lays it on the rock by the fire. As the fire burns brightly, voices are heard on the hill.]

SCAR FACE (*calling down*)

Long Arm!

LONG ARM

Who's there?

SCAR FACE

Your friends who saw you kill Broken Foot. Give us shelter for the night.

LONG ARM

I have promised it and you shall have it,—yet you are not welcome.

[SCAR FACE, FISH EYES, SHORT LEGS, and WOLF SKIN enter and descend part way. The woman goes into the cave.]

FISH EYES

What shines so bright before you, making false day before your cave?



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE CAVE MAN"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

THE CAVE MAN

LONG ARM

I have found a fighting friend, better even than the axe I showed you. I have called it fire. It will not hurt you. Come down and learn of it.

[*They descend.*]

WOLF SKIN

I had a daughter, Singing Bird, the girl you saw yesterday in the open glade. When day was fading she had not come back to the cave. Then came these friends and told me of the man-beast, who is once more in the forest after many years. Together we have sought the girl and we have no hope now, for the night has come upon us. We gave up our search and found the nearest cave. All we ask is shelter from the perils of the dark; we cannot hope for news.

LONG ARM

If this night were like last night and all the nights that have been but shall never be again, I might answer you in words, spoken in the dark cave. But the fire I have found gives light in darkness and gives you answer as well. Look there!

[*He points to SINGING BIRD at the entrance to the cave.*]

WOLF SKIN

A-ah! No words are needed. I knew that Broken Foot went but a short way toward my cave to take my girl for mate; I did not know that Long Arm makes love and war together.

[*The MAN-BEAST enters unseen on the hillside.*]

LONG ARM

I have done more. The man-beast came upon us as I wooed my mate. With his hands he broke my axe as

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though it were a twig. Then, with a brand of fire like this, I drove him from this place. The bite of the fire is worse than the bite of stone. It is not that only. The fire is a terror to the man-beast and we are safe from him. See, you shall learn to take it—so!

[He shows them how to handle the brands. Music—the theme of Fire—is heard.]

FISH EYES

Everywhere in the woods beside us, animals are standing. Their eyes shine, but they dare not come nearer.

WOLF SKIN

The night is changed for man!

SHORT LEGS

Scar Face is eating again!

SCAR FACE

Aye, and such food as Scar Face never ate before. This fire of yours is a friend indeed. Broken Foot killed meat this morning and I ate of it, in ignorance, I was so proud of what I knew! Broken Foot hung the meat in the cave. Now your fire has made it sweeter to the mouth than any berry ripened in the sun. The fire is greater than the sun. The sun spoils the meat it shines on, but the firelight has made this sweeter than meat warm with blood. There shall be fire always in my cave. Taste of this meat, you eaters of raw flesh.

[All crowd about the fire and taste of the meat.]

SHORT LEGS

I am not yet mated, but I shall find somebody somewhere and then I shall ask Singing Bird to teach her to make meat taste like this.

THE CAVE MAN

SCAR FACE

The fire is warm and pleasant and I have eaten well. Let us sleep here with the fire to guard us.

[*He yawns. All drop slowly to sleep. While they have been testing the brands and finally eating, the MAN-BEAST has entered and has stood watching from the edge of the firelight. As they yawn and stretch and fall asleep together round the fire, the woman takes the remnants of the cooked meat into the cave and the MAN-BEAST creeps forward. He takes a brand from the fire and tests it as he has seen the men do. The woman comes from the cave. The MAN-BEAST seizes her. She screams and awakens the men. The MAN-BEAST drags her up the hill. Then the men seize brands and follow. The brands are seen flickering through the forest. The fire continues burning brightly. LONG ARM enters on the hillside, bearing SINGING BIRD in his arms. He sings to her, tenderly and sorrowfully, broken portions of their mating music. As they sit by one of the pools, he revives her with water and they sing together. While they are concluding this song, a red glow has begun in the forest where the brands were seen. This glow strengthens rapidly. Then enter WOLF SKIN, SCAR FACE, FISH EYES and SHORT LEGS. Flames appear on the trees by the cave. The men are in great terror.*]

LONG ARM

She lives! We were not too late.

WOLF SKIN

We followed the man-beast into the darkness there. The fire made light for us as we broke through the forest.

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Then the man-beast ran into a thicket, dead and dry since last summer. At once the thicket was full of waving brands and the heat became too great. We held our hands before our faces, but we could not bear it. We came backward and still the brands grew more in number till every tree is holding one and there is a great roaring as though many beasts rushed after us with fire.

FISH EYES

See how the fire drives the cave people before it.

[Crowds pour down the hill, men and women and little children, in a turmoil of fear.]

WOLF SKIN

Your fire is no friend!

SHORT LEGS

It is eating our forest, it will kill us all!

SCAR FACE

Our grove is doomed! It is you who have done this and you shall die first of all. Kill him!

[They menace LONG ARM. SINGING BIRD throws herself between him and her father. A peal of thunder crashes above the roar of the fire.]

LONG ARM

Hark, it is the call of the rain! Water kills fire. It is the voice of a great power that befriends us.

[There is another crash of thunder.]

Oh, hear it, hear it, it is the voice of God!

[The rain descends and the fire dies out, hissing. The music ceases amid utter darkness. There is silence, save for the heavy falling of rain upon the rocks.]

EPILOGUE

THE ASCENT OF MAN

The scene is the same as in the play.

SPIRITUAL VOICES (*singing from above*)

Deep is the sleep of man;
Clothed on with darkness, he sleepeth;
Night lieth heavily upon his eyelids;
He hath forgotten the glory of the eternal,
He knoweth only the dream of time.
[*A star glows in the darkness at the top of the hill,
and a voice from it sings.*]

THE VOICE OF THE STAR

Harken! I am the voice that stirs forever in the restless heart of man.

Within the vaulted center of a shell,
Far flung beyond the reaching of the tide,
Unceasing echo of its ceaseless swell,
The accents of the ocean still abide.
For the shell has been held in the breast of the
sea,
And never the winds o'er the changing sands
Shall silence the innermost ecstasy
That turns to the ocean and understands.

SPIRITUAL VOICES

What shall awaken man,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Breaking the dream of the senses?
Deep is the sleep that hath fallen upon him;
When shall he wake to the glory of the eternal,
Losing the false shadow of time?

THE VOICE OF THE STAR

Lo, I shall sing in his heart through the ages,
Song he must hear through his clamorous dream,
Echoes of me from his priests and his sages,
Till at the last I restore and redeem.

I shall sing and he shall hear,
Vaguely, faintly, far-away;
In his sleep-enchanted ear
I shall tell him of the day,
He shall grope along the steep,
Ever climbing in his sleep,
Ever upward, following
The ideal that I sing.

And my music shall finally drown the lie that his slumber
has spoken;

I shall fill his heart with my song and the bonds of his
dream shall be broken;

He shall climb through the strengthening dawn,
While the fetters of sleep drop away,
Till the shadows of sense shall be gone
In the glory of infinite day!

AN ARCHANGELIC VOICE (*from the sky*)

Man hath discovered fire;
He hath watched the works of his hands,
And thought hath awakened within him.
Behold, he shall climb,
Up the hard path of the ages,

THE CAVE MAN

Up from the gloom of the senses,
Into the glory of mind!

*[From below, Cave men now climb upward in shadow
until they are replaced by Shepherds, climbing
upward in a dim light.]*

SHEPHERDS (*singing*)

Night made the sky and mountains one;
Behold, above the mountain wall
The blue is dreaming of the sun,
Expectant, hushed, augurial.

Let us rise up in the dawn,
Forth with our flocks to the tender green spaces;
Come, let us up and be gone,
Wandering ever and seeking new places.

*[As the Shepherds reach a higher level they are re-
placed by Farmers who climb, in turn, upward
in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of
Shepherds at their lower level continues.]*

FARMERS (*singing*)

Now, where the little stars have gone
All night on tiptoe from the hills,
Blossom the roses of the dawn;
The arc of heaven with promise thrills.

Come, let us out to the soil,
Blest with the sun and the rains;
Bread is the guerdon of toil,
And the home we have builded remain.

*[As the Farmers reach a higher level they are replaced
by Warriors, who, in turn, climb upward in a
stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of Farm-
ers at their lower level continues.]*

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WARRIORS (*singing*)

Clear light in the sky!
Day draweth nigh;
The world, with hilltop and plain,
Appareth again.
The stars have melted in morning air;
So shall the weaker nations flee;
Might gives right; it is ours to share
The spoils of the land and sea.

[*As the Warriors reach a higher level they are replaced by Philosophers climbing upward in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of Warriors at their lower level continues.*]

PHILOSOPHERS (*singing*)

The edge of the world is afire;
Darkness has vanished away;
Exultant awakens the choir
That heralds the coming of day.
Light has been vouchsafed to us,
Clear the world about us lies,
Yet the mind mysterious
Seeth further than the eyes;
Riseth on its unseen wings
To immeasurable things!

[*The Philosophers have reached the highest visible path. The hillside is thronged with the processional of the ages.*]

O growing radiance that streams
Above this life's horizon line
And casts upon our human dreams
Reflection of a light divine,

THE CAVE MAN

O dawn immortal, pour on us
Thy strong effulgence, glorious,
Over all night victorious,
Sunrise eternal, shine!

[*A fanfare of trumpets. The dawn light begins at the top of the hill.*

SPIRITUAL VOICES

Man awaketh from the dream of the senses;
Time falleth from him like a shadow,
Glory clotheth him evermore!

[*He who spoke the Sermon on the Mount appears far above the gathered multitude. A splendor of light bursts upon the forest and a cloud of white doves hovers above the climbing hosts.*

ALL

Hosanna! Behold: It is the Sun!

[*The procession is led upward into the light.*

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

By W. J. McCoy

IT HAS been the effort of the composer, in writing the music of "The Cave Man," to parallel, as far as advantageously possible in musical expression, the ideas, occurrences, and pictures as they occur in the text and action.

The Prelude is the result of an effort toward the creation of atmosphere conducive to a full appreciation of the scenes that follow—a tone picture in the life of primitive man. The thematic material upon which it is constructed consists of two principal motives—the motive of Broken Foot:



and the motive of Long Arm:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

These two themes are developed alternately as the night gradually merges into day, and the climax culminates as Broken Foot, emerging from the cave, slays a deer and drags it up the rocks for his morning feast.

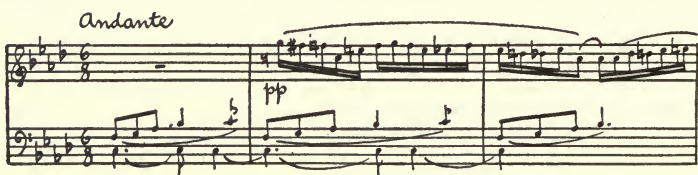
A development of these themes is also used for the struggle between Long Arm and Broken Foot, resulting in the slaying of the latter.

Long Arm, fashioning a new weapon for defense against the Man-Beast, sings the Song of the Flint:

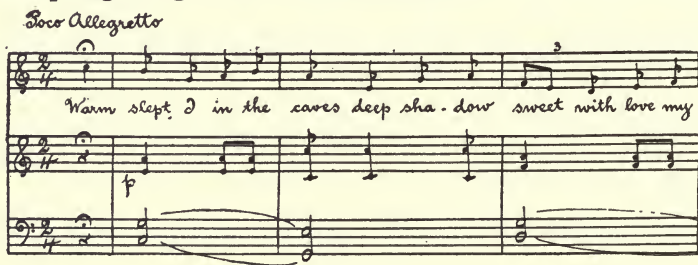


The theme of the flint is used as a basis upon which the musical structure is built. This theme is heard later to illustrate Long Arm's reasoning about the origin of fire.

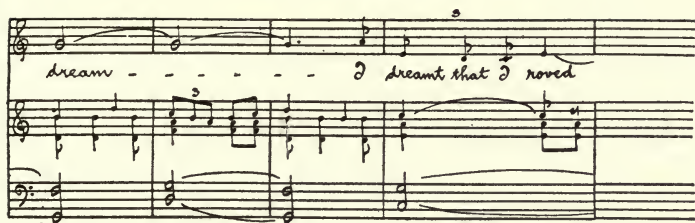
Following immediately upon this is heard the motive of Fire:



This motive, which always occurs upon the appearance of fire and is used in a much intensified form during the burning of the forest, now merges without interruption into the Spring Song of the Cave Maiden:



THE CAVE MAN



The music of this song—to be considered as forming from this point a love motive—is heard during the ramble of the cave maiden through the forest and during the wooing of the lovers, culminating during a concerted number in their mating.

The motive of the Man-Beast is introduced at the entrance of the gorilla and continues, treated contrastingly, with the motive of Fire during his presence in the action:



This is developed cumulatively into the music of the combat between Long Arm and the Man-Beast.

As night-fall comes on after the mating, the fireflies are seen twinkling rhythmically in the forest to the music of the Dance of the Fireflies symbolizing the joy of the lovers:

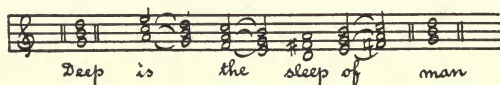


THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



In the second part the musical motives introduced in the first part are again heard treated variously with a view toward intensifying the emotions suggested by the text and action, culminating in the forest fire and its extinguishment by the rain, thus ending the story of the play.

The Epilogue, which succeeds directly the play proper, begins with the sound of spiritual voices heard from the treetops, enquiring of the future of man:



The musical material of this angelic choral is a modification of the twelfth century consecutive fifths of Hucbald:

In reply, the Voice of a Star is heard singing of the future progress of human intelligence, which is to

“... climb through the strengthening dawn,
While the fetters of sleep drop away.”



This is followed by a vision, in allegorical form, illustrating the progress of intellect through varying stages to its height.

The music of this section is in march form:

THE CAVE MAN



It begins in a very subdued manner with the gradual addition of shepherd's pipe and trumpets of warriors—



Finally enlisting the full power of chorus and orchestra, it glorifies the heights already attained and points far out into the work of the future.



THE GREEN KNIGHT

THE GREEN KNIGHT, ARCHOLON, AND THE PRINCE

THE NINTH GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1911]

THE GREEN KNIGHT

A Vision

BY

PORTER GARNETT

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY THE COMPOSER

EDWARD G. STRICKLEN

PORTER GARNETT

SIRE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"After the practice the theory."

IN THE General Introduction to this collected edition of Bohemian Club plays the ritualistic character of these forest dramas is described. All of these ritualistic elements—the Care motive, the Bohemia or Preserver motive, and the Brotherhood motive—enter into the construction of "The Green Knight." I have not, however, rendered the Brotherhood motive as founded either in the Christian or the Socialistic tenet of the brotherhood of humanity, but in the brotherhood of art, bound together—not too closely, it is true—by the pagan notion of the worship of beauty. This pagan ideal is expressed in "The Green Knight" in terms of Christianity. I have sought at the same time to express in the solitary figure of the Green Knight, even as he proclaims the divine attributes of Beauty, the ultimate loneliness of the artist.

In addressing myself to the task of writing a grove play, I found myself under the necessity either of selecting one of the established classes¹ in which to couch my endeavor or of producing a play that should call for a new classification. It is the latter course that I have chosen.

Taking the romantic-idealistic type of grove play as a foundation, I have attempted to carry on in "The Green Knight" the trend toward form implicit in "The Hamadryads" and "The Triumph of Bohemia"; to reduce this tendency to a canon of stage art conditioned by the physical character and the "spirit" of the Bohemian Grove.

This attempt is due to no trivial desire to do the thing differently, but is born of an anarchic conviction which is

¹See Introduction, Vol. I, p. xviii, *supra*.

the result of some eight years' study of the grove play as a problem in æsthetics.

To contend that in art the only things worth doing are the things that have not been done is, in the opinion of most persons, to utter a heresy; it is, as a matter of fact, to utter what is almost a platitude. But in doing the thing that has not been done, it is not sufficient that the artist should depart from precedent—he must advance his art. As Wagner says in "A Communication to My Friends," the artist must "necessarily throw forward to the future the realization of his highest artistic wish, as to a life enfranchised from the tyranny of both Monument and Mode." The same idea was expressed by Gauguin when he remarked to a friend, "In art there are only revolutionists and plagiarists."

The most revolutionary departure from the earlier forms of the grove play effected in "The Green Knight" is the elimination of singing. I have obtained thereby for the grove play a divorce (alas, only an interlocutory decree) from its *mésalliance* with opera, the strumpet of art.

It would be a work of supererogation at this time of day to state the case against opera. Voltaire called works in the genre, "monstrous and unnatural productions," and the majority of æstheticians since his time have taken their flings at its fallacies. Wagner, who wrote his hundreds of pages to expose these fallacies, gives us the kernel of the whole question in a single sentence upon which he bestows the emphasis of bold type. "The error," he says, "in the art-genre of Opera consists herein: that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the End of expression (the Drama) has been made a means." And, to quote a contemporary writer, Mr. James Huneker, "I place pure music above impure, *i. e.*, instrumental above mixed, I dislike grand opera as a miserable mishmash of styles, compromises, and arrant ugliness."

The omission of singing may be, by some, considered a

sacrifice, but it is a sacrifice only of what is termed "effectiveness." With this and other threadbare means of achieving "effectiveness" ready to hand, I have preferred to put them aside rather than to avail myself of their cheap aid, and to depend upon suggestion for the higher effectiveness, the less immediate but more profound response. Mr. Gordon Craig says in an essay ("The Artist of the Theatre of the Future"): "Once let the meaning of this word Beauty begin to be thoroughly felt once more in the theatre, and we may say that the awakening of the theatre is near. Once let the word 'effective' be wiped off our lips, and they will be ready to speak this word Beauty."

It has been my aim therefore to create an art-work at once imaginative and informed with beauty—a drama that shall invite not the superficial emotive response, but a response of the spirit, less easily to be obtained and for that reason more to be desired. In other words, I have aimed not so much at expression as at evocation—not so much at statement (which is never art) as at suggestion (in which art has its only existence). I am depending on the receptive imaginative of the auditor and spectator, without which, as Joubert says, "*la sensibilité est réduit au moment où l'on existe; les sensations sont plus vives, plus courtes, et n'ont point d'harmonie dans leur succession.*"

The chief factors of dramatic "effectiveness," as it is understood in the debauched theatre of commerce, are "human interest" and "sex interest," operating through sentiment and passion rather than through the intellect. Now human interest, as an appeal to sentiment or as a bid for success, is an extra-æsthetic consideration, and extra-æsthetic considerations, as I have already said, have (ideally) no place in the grove play. The human motive (which is and must be the foundation of all drama) is expressed in "The Green Knight" symbolically. "We are coming closer to nature, as we seem to shrink from it with something of horror," says Mr. Arthur Symons in "The

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Symbolist Movement in Literature," "and as we brush the accidents of daily life, in which men and women feel that they are alone touching reality, we come closer to humanity."

I have dispensed with the sex element entirely not only because it is not essential to free drama, but because it has no place in the ritual of a man's club. Another reason for this omission is that in the grove play female characters must be figured by men, and it is better to avoid such a demand upon illusion.

I do not intend to make here an exhaustive analysis of the form of the "The Green Knight," but merely to consider some of its architectonic elements in their æsthetic and technical aspects. I have prefaced these considerations with the quotation, "After the practice the theory" (borrowed from the title-page of that most precious of magazines devoted to the drama, *The Mask*), because much that is here set down in terms of theory was in the planning and composition of the play the expression of temperamental inclination. I mean by this that in preparing the scenario I did not measure the classical element (introduced in the adjustments essential to the factor of form) with the foot rules of Aristotle or Lessing, nor in writing the play did I weigh the romantic elements of suggestion and atmosphere in the scales of Plato, Rousseau, Novalis, or Schlegel. Whatever appearance of an adjustment between the classic and the romantic elements there may be has been instinctive rather than deliberate.

"The Green Knight" bears the sub-title, "A Vision." I have attempted in it to externalize the illusion of a dream; to conjure from the hillside a drama of "the Other-World of Dreams," peopled with beings of fancy whose existence is of the present as is the existence of the unsubstantial creatures that visit us in sleep. It is drama of the spiritual macrocosm of which the spirit of the spectator is the microcosm.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

I have endeavored to keep secret from the members of the Club the nature of the play and the identity of the participants in order to carry the illusion as far as possible toward that perfection in which the individuality of the actor is completely lost in that of the character he figures.

One can not consider the question of illusion without one's mind turning to the *Pensées* of Joubert, from which I have already quoted. I can not do better here, however, than to set down an epitome of his "thoughts" on this subject as given by Professor Babbitt in his delightful book, "The New Laokoon": "Joubert remarks . . . that spirit and matter come into relation with one another only through the medium of illusion; and he goes on to say some of the most penetrating things that have been said by any writer about the rôle of imaginative illusion in mediating between the lower and the higher nature of man. . . . Joubert, then, conceives it to be the rôle of the imagination, mediating as it does between sense and reason, to lend its magic and glamour to the latter, to throw as it were a veil of divine illusion over some essential truth."

In all the grove plays there has been a primary distinctiveness of form imposed upon them by the physical conditions of the *locus* and by the fact that they are restricted in length. It is to be observed also that the best examples conform to the Greek unities of time, place, and action. Again, the scene is necessarily laid in a forest, although in one instance ("Montezuma," 1903) this fact was ignored. Other characteristics that have obtained in some of the grove plays, though not in all, should, in the writer's opinion, be regarded as principles of the form. These are: (1) The setting should have no relation to geography. The spectator should not be called upon to adjust his mind to regarding the action as taking place in this or that geographic locality, as was the case in "Montezuma" when he has asked to consider the stage as the

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summit of a *teocalli* in Mexico, and in "St. Patrick at Tara" in which the action purported to take place in Ireland. With the opportunity that the writers of grove plays have to get away from the artificial conditions of the playhouse, it seems unwise for them to demand an adjustment that is not only psychologically impossible but unnecessary. For this reason I maintain that the scene of a grove play should be (as it has been in most of them) simply "a forest." (2) For similar reasons the time should be indeterminate, not, for example, in 1520 as in "Montezuma" or in 432 as in "St. Patrick." (3) Since the performance takes place in the open air at night, the action of the play should not call for daylight, artificially and unconvincingly created by mechanical means.

The tendency toward definiteness of form may be said to exist in the fulfillment of these principles, and their actual fulfillment is found in Mr. Irwin's "The Hamadryads" and in Mr. Sterling's "The Triumph of Bohemia." To carry on this trend toward form and to fashion a play that should not only contain these principles, but should borrow none of its elements of form from other genres—poetic drama, music-drama, opera—has been my object in writing "The Green Knight." In other words, my purpose has been to establish within a limited field a new canon of the drama. How successful I have been my readers must judge for themselves.

The first step in this revolutionary attempt was, as I have stated above, to divorce the grove play from opera while retaining the factors of poetry and music in a more legitimate intimacy. The most important principle introduced in the play has to do with the interrelation and balance of the three factors of poetry, music, and spectacle. The principle may be stated as a formula thus: *The duration and content of the successive and concurrent episodes of poetry, music, and spectacle are adjusted to a purely æsthetic demand for an alteration of interest.* That

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is to say, when one element or a combination of elements has held the attention to a point whereat a new interest for the eye or the ear is æsthetically desirable, a new interest is supplied. It is a function of criticism to determine at what point the introduction of a new interest is æsthetically desirable; it is the artist's business to see that the new interest shall be æsthetically adequate. To restate the principle by means of illustration: If the music give way to poetry, the passage during which the orchestra is silent must not be prolonged beyond the point whereat the re-introduction of music would be æsthetically desirable; *per contra*, an episode that is chiefly musical or one that is chiefly spectacular must be *relieved* by another element before it is carried into the quicksands of tedium. It will be readily seen how the adjustment of the various elements may be made to affect the movement as well as the pattern of interest of the play.

Some of my readers, credulous of the chimera, Inspiration, have already satisfied themselves no doubt that a work constructed by such means must perforce show the traces of its mechanical creation, but the determining of the episodes is a thing arrived at not through intellection but through æsthetic judgment. It may be said that the arrangement is objectified on the basis of the hypothetical psychoses of the "ideal spectator"; or that it is approximated by the artist to what he *feels*, not to what he *thinks* are the desires of the person of taste.

It is by the addition of the element of music to the elements of poetry and spectacle that the grove play is differentiated from the various forms of the poetic drama. It must be noted also that the relation of the music to the other elements is often (and should always be) of a sort that makes the music more than merely "incidental." In spite of the fact that "The Green Knight" contains no singing, the musical element is given in this play greater prominence, independence, and responsibility than it has

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had in other grove plays. It plays a more important part in the *structure* of the play. It is brought, in fact, to a point beyond which it would be impossible to go without forcing upon the music an over-emphasis that, by a deliberate subordination of the literary factor, would be (as in opera and the so-called dance drama) destructive of the symmetry or balance which is the aim of this experiment.

"The relation in which music places itself to poetry," says Ambros, "is peculiar when it has the mission of uniting itself to a *spoken drama*." Continuing with a consideration of certain works of this kind, particularly Beethoven's "Egmont" music, he says: "Compositions of the kind address the theatre in the language of Scipio: '*Nec ossa mea habebis, ingrata patria,*' throw around themselves the beggar's cloak of a 'connecting declamation,' and withdraw into the concert hall.

" 'Why, ye poor fools, for such a paltry end,
Plague the coy muse, and court her fair regards?' "

"It is extremely hard," he concludes, "for the composer to hit the golden mean so as not on the one hand to let his music sink down to padding and patchwork, nor, on the other hand, to claim obtrusively too great independent value by the side of the poetical work."

The real difficulty lies in the fact that works of this sort are never the result of a true collaboration. The musician takes the finished work of the poet and *applies* music to it as one might apply color to a statue. Such a method as this prevents the music from being an integral part of the art-work. Eliminate the music and the poetic text retains its integrity—its completeness. It might be argued that a "lyrical action," written in collaboration by Maeterlinck and Debussy, would be a finer work of art *quâ art* than the "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" of Maeterlinck *plus* Debussy which Mr. Lawrence Gilman calls "the perfect

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music-drama." Of such a work Mr. George Lilley could not say as he does of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review* [January, 1911] "a few incidents have been omitted, sacrificed of necessity to considerations of duration."

It will hardly be denied that, ideally, an art-work involving both poetry and music should be conceived in terms of the two arts. It is this method that Mr. Stricklen and the writer have employed in "The Green Knight." The musical scheme in its association with the plot was completely worked out before the composition of the music or the writing of the play was begun. The musical and literary elements, together with the *mise en scène* (spectacle, lighting, stagecraft, costume, etc.), were given form concurrently and each episode was completed before passing to the next. As a result of this method there are ten passages in which the music is an essential part of the dramatic structure. In three of these poetry plays a subordinate part; in one, a part equivalent to the music; and in six, the music carries the discourse unassisted by the spoken word.

It is curious to note in this connection what Wagner has to say in "Opera and Drama" on the subject of collaboration. His remarks are particularly interesting because, in the minds of most persons, Wagner stands committed to the one-man method that he himself employed. He says:

"The Poet and the Musician are very well thinkable as two persons. In fact the Musician, in his practical intermediation between the poetic aim and its final bodily realization through an actual scenic representation, might necessarily be conditioned by the Poet as a separate person, and, indeed, a *younger* than himself. . . . This younger person through standing closer to Life's instinctive utterance—especially (*auch*) in its lyric moments,—might well appear to the more experienced, more reflecting Poet, as more fitted to *realize* his aim than he himself is." Wagner

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did not himself undertake collaboration for the reasons contained in the following passage: "If we consider the present attitude by Poet and Musician toward one another, and if we find it ordered by the same maxims of self-restriction and egoistic severance, as those which govern all the factors of our modern social State: then we can not but feel that, in an unworthy public system where every man is bent upon shining for himself alone, *there* none but the individual Unit can take into himself the spirit of Community, and cherish it and develop it according to his powers." He adds in a note, "No one can be better aware than myself, that the realizement of this ["Perfected"] Drama depends on conditions which do not lie within the will, nay not even within the capability (*Fähigkeit*) of the Unit, but only in Community, and in a mutual coöperation made possible thereby."¹

We now come to characteristics of the play which have to do with both the static element of form and the dynamic element of treatment. These are (1) the employment of musical accompaniment for spoken lines and (2) the variation of rhythms.

To ignore the possibilities of the human voice combined with music or treated as an instrument itself is to ignore a field for æsthetic effort that has been only partially explored and one that offers many allurements and opportunities. We have behind us in this field certain forms of the Greek *μελοποιία*, the melologues of Berlioz, and the recitative of the Italians and of Wagner. In our own time we have the musical elocution of Debussy's "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," the experiments in accompanied recitation made by Mr. William Butler Yates and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, and many works of the type of Richard Strauss's *melodrame* setting of "Enoch Arden," which Mr. Arthur Symons describes as done "after that hopelessly wrong fashion

¹ *Richard Wagner's Prose Works*, translated by William Ashton Ellis, Vol. I (*Opera and Drama*), pp. 355-356.

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which Schumann set in his lovely music to 'Manfred.'" To these may be added the banalities of free musical accompaniment to the spoken word.

The reader will find in Mr. Stricklen's Note on the Music some illustrations of the method we have employed in associating the "word-speech" and the "tone-speech" in one of the episodes of "The Green Knight." It will be noted therein how the method differs from others in that the relation of the word-speech and tone-speech does not depend merely upon occasional fixed or arbitrary points of contact, but provides a virtually unbroken parallel between the rhythm pattern of the poetry and that of the accompaniment in passages (measured and balanced) of speech alone, speech and music, music alone, and silence. The music has been consistently *brought to the words* in both configuration and atmosphere. In Debussy's method the voice part (according to Mr. Lawrence Gilman "an electrified and heightened form of speech") though unmelodic is still musical; that is to say, musical intervals and variations of pitch based on these intervals are taken into account. It calls for what Aristoxenus termed the "discrete" as against the "continuous" movement of the voice. In the method employed in "The Green Knight" no account is taken in the voice part of the restricted musical intervals, for, although much has been done by Helmholtz, Merkel, and others toward determining the relative pitch of the voice in pronouncing the various sounds of the vowels and in the variations arising from accent and emphasis, it is impossible to indicate the pitch of the human voice except on the basis of the restricted intervals of the musical scale. Musical notation has been employed in the illustrations to indicate the quantitative value of syllable and pause producing the rhythm pattern of the speech which is the basis of the musical parallel.

The variations of rhythm alluded to above consist of an assignment of different rhythms to different characters in

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the play. A variation of rhythm is characteristic of the Greek drama and occurs in plays of all periods, but as far as I can ascertain no attempt has heretofore been made to identify certain rhythms with certain characters. The various rhythms employed in "The Green Knight" are intended to bear an atmospheric relation to the attributes of the characters, each rhythm constituting as it were, a kind of poetic *leitmotif*. The lines that may be said to form the dramatic framework of the play are in the unrhymed iambic pentameter of ordinary blank verse. In this class fall the lines of the Black Knight (except in the invocation to Sathanas for which a dactylic rhythm is employed), the Prince, Sathanas, Archolon, and the King. The Elf-King, whose lines are lyrical, speaks in rhymed trimeter and tetrameter. To Madolor, the malignant and scurrilous dwarf, a rhythmical prose is given. The Green Knight, after the silence he maintains for some time after his entrance, finally speaks in trochaic rhythm which is brought into immediate contrast with the iambic measures of the other characters and is intended to emphasize his divine aloofness. In his final speech, an apostrophe to Beauty (which, by reason of the relation its content bears to the play, should have a salient character of its own) I have preserved the trochaic rhythm of his other speeches and have sought to attain the desired effect by adding the dactylic foot of the hendecasyllabic verse.

There is much that might be said of a technical nature regarding such elements of the grove play as the lighting, the arrangement or composition of the spectacle in its relation to the scale of the hillside, the functions of costume, color psychology, etc., but such considerations are of interest only to the technician.

In a play such as "The Green Knight"—a play in which atmosphere, illusion, suggestion are primary considerations—acting, as it is commonly practised and commonly understood, would defeat the playwright's aim. The effort

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of the individual actor to be in his own part as "effective" as possible could result in nothing but the tearing asunder of whatever veil of illusion may have been woven by Poetry on the loom of Nature. It is interpretation, therefore, rather than acting that will be sought in the production.

As I end these considerations, written at a time when the realization of the work of which they treat is not far distant, I may be forgiven if I close with the same words in which, three years ago, I concluded my book on the grove plays of the Bohemian Club. In doing so I hope that I have not failed to live up to the ideals therein expressed.

"At a time when the creative impulses that stir in this far western country with its smiling Italian skies and its atmosphere of the youth of the world; a land hospitable to the seeds of art that, even amid the weeds of provincialism and the worms of bourgeois bigotry and ignorance, give promise of blossoms with something of the fineness and rarity of old-world flowers—one can not but speculate upon the destiny of this interesting exotic, the Bohemian Club grove play. Has it said all that it has to say? Is the spell of "The Hamadryads," the sustained charm of "The Triumph of Bohemia" to be reached again? Will the balance between the various factors—the dramatic, the musical, and the spectacular—be maintained, or will the zeal of the actor, of the musician, or of the artist tend, by forcing an over-emphasis upon one of these factors, to formulate a new type or cause a reversion to an old one? Should any of these things occur the grove plays will undoubtedly lose the distinction that they now have and will become mere reflections of other forms of stage presentation The greatest danger is that they will degenerate into more or less commonplace drama or opera. Like water that has been carried to a height they will sink to their own level again the moment the force that has driven them upward is withdrawn. Having its roots in the drama,

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the grove play has been swept, one might say, by 'the supreme interference of beauty,' in a series of concatenated creative impulses into what is as much entitled to the name of a new art form as the Wagnerian music-drama. It remains to be seen whether or not it will revert to the parent stock and be lost as a distinct genre.

"Ideally it should be poetic not only in treatment but in conception; the musical element should not be melodramatic, but conceived in the same poetic spirit; and the whole interpreted discreetly by action and spectacle.

"With these qualities the Bohemian Club grove play gives to those who react to its spirit, who appreciate it in relation to its environment, and who register its implications, an impression of what can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a mysterious and unforgettable dream."

PORTER GARNETT.

*Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream
That over Persian roses flew to kiss
The curlèd lashes of Semiramis.
Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream,
Provence and Troubadour are merest lies.
The glorious hair of Venice was a beam
Made within Titian's eye. The sunset seem,
The world is very old and nothing is.
Be still. Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,
Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart,
But patter in the darkness of thy heart.
Thy brain is plagued. Thou art a frightened owl.
Blind with the light of life thou'ldst not forsake,
And Error loves and nourishes thy soul.*

—TRUMBULL STICKNEY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

NEOTIOS, <i>a wood-god</i>	MR. HERBERT HERON
THE GREEN KNIGHT	MR. ERNEST S. SIMPSON
THE BLACK KNIGHT	MR. MARSHALL DARRACH
THE ELF-KING	MR. CHARLES K. FIELD
THE PRINCE	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
MADOLOR, <i>a dwarf</i>	MR. W. H. SMITH, JR.
ARCHOLON, <i>a priest</i>	MR. CHARLES C. TROWBRIDGE
SATHANAS } THE KING }	MR. JOHN HOUSMAN
AN ELF	MR. HARRIS C. ALLEN
FIRST KNIGHT	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{MR. JAMES G. MELVIN} \\ \text{MR. ROBERT MELVIN} \\ \text{MR. GEORGE PURLENKY} \\ \text{MR. THEODORE G. ELLIOTT} \\ \text{MR. HARRY P. CARLTON} \end{array} \right\}$ </div>
SECOND KNIGHT	
THIRD KNIGHT	
FOURTH KNIGHT	
AN ANGEL	

Elves, Goblins, Moonbeams, Captives

PLACE: A forest in the Other-World of Dreams.

TIME: The present, a midsummer night.

. . .

Production directed and costumes and properties designed by the author.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Properties executed by MR. HARRY S. FONDA.

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. . .

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THE GREEN KNIGHT

A Vision

It is just before moonrise. The place is at the foot of a wooded hillside in a forest of gigantic trees. In the foreground there is an open space or glade around which the rough, straight shafts of the trees rise to a great height. Their branches, bearing heavy foliage, extend to a height as great again and are lost to view in the blackness of the night sky. The nearest trees frame the glade and hillside. The latter is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. As the moon rises it may be seen that the slope at the back of the glade is an open space more or less irregularly inclosed by trees. Beyond, a dense growth shuts off from view the upper part of the hill. Below this point the terraces of the hillside are covered with ferns and vines, through which a winding path, wholly concealed by the luxuriant foliage, crosses and recrosses the hillside at different levels. The path leaves the glade at the back and on the left, from which point it ranges upward and into the wood. This wild spot is in the innermost depths of a great forest in the Other-World of Dreams. From a tree, near the place where the path enters, a dull brazen shield is suspended.

[The sound of a harp is faintly heard from the darkness. As it continues a dim light appears between two great trees on the farther side of the glade. The light gradually grows more intense until it becomes a golden glow. From the thicket between the two trees a naked youth, NEOTIOS,

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steps forth. On his head he wears a wreath of vine leaves, and in his hand he carries a rustic citbara on which, for a moment, he is seen to play a succession of rippling chords. The glow fades away, but a mysterious light illumines the figure of the youth. He gazes about wonderingly and then walks slowly forward until he reaches the middle of the glade. Wonderingly he speaks.

NEOTIOS

Temple of Peace! within thy noble walls
In humbleness I stand who am a god. . . .
Here have I come from out the secret wood—
Neotios, the son of Pan. Behold,
O mortals favored by the sight of one
No mortal eye has ever seen before—
Behold a humble god and be not proud!
Abase yourselves before these silent trees,
Wrapped in the solemn mantle of the night;
For tho' ye all be lovers of the woods,
And for this reason I am sent to you,
Bearing the message of my father, yet,
Love not as masters but as servitors;
Think not yourselves too great, O men, for here,
Amid these giant monuments of eld,
Ye are but puny things that live and die
Like traceless moments in eternity!
Be lovers, then, but lovers humble. Yield
All reverence to your leafy masters. Bow
Before them, worship them, and know content.
Thus have all wise men worshiped forest fanes
Since forests granted grateful shade to man,
And wood-gods hid where netted shadows fell,
Or danced and wantoned with the shining nymphs. . . .
And now, ye mortals, ye that give your hearts
To labor and to strife and earthly hopes,

THE GREEN KNIGHT

And, giving, suffer 'neath the crush of Care,—
Because ye have not bartered all your souls,
But saved for him a moiety of love,
Pan bids me give you greeting in his name. . . .
Welcome, mortals, to this charmèd grove!
Welcome to this temple old and dim!
Welcome to this dwelling-place of peace!
Forget your toil, remember not your strife,
And banish from ye every thought of care!
So may ye, like to little children who
In innocence lie down to rest, be lulled
To an enchanted sleep, wherein the night
Shall fabric visions for your souls' delight. . . .
Dream, mortal men! Dream! . . . Dream! . . . Dream! . . .

Dream. . . This hour
Is granted unto you by gracious gods. . . .
Dream, mortal men, while breezes thro' the boughs
Waft strains of gentlest music to your ears! . . .
Hark! litanies of trembling moonlit leaves
Invite my lyre. . . .

[*He strikes his cithara and, continuing to play rippling chords, speaks once more.*

The echoes answer low. . . .
Dream, mortal men! . . . Soon, chord on sounding chord,
The forest will be drenched with melody. . . .
Sleep! . . . Dream! . . . Forget dull Care! . . . Farewell! . . .

[*As he speaks the last words NEOTIOS slowly leaves the glade, playing on his cithara and pausing after each admonition. The rippling chords of the cithara are expressed by a series of arpeggios on the harp. They form the introduction to the Prelude, which is now played. The glade and hillside remain empty, dark, and silent. The discourse of the Prelude begins with an interpretation of the mysteries of the forest and the*

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night. Certain motives that foreshadow the episodes of the vision are then introduced. The Green Knight motive and the Black Knight or Care motive recur frequently. The music swells from the murmurings indicative of the forest at night to the thunders of the Conflict Music and again sinks into its woodland character. A new theme—that of the Elf-King—finally enters, and, at the same time, a figure is vaguely seen moving about in the semi-darkness on the lower hillside. The Elf-King motive is developed while the figure, which is that of the ELF-KING, approaches gradually from the darkness until, coming quite near, the rays of the rising moon fall upon him. Over a green hose he wears a short, close-fitting tunic of overlapping green leaves, touched with red and gold. His high sandals are of gold. He wears a head-dress of gold and jewels, fashioned in the form of an owl. A long cloak of dark green gossamer richly embroidered in gold flows from his shoulders. He carries a golden wand tipped with jewels. For a moment he stands in rapt contemplation of the night. The music continues as he speaks.

THE ELF-KING

O Night, once more, once more
I welcome thee! . . .

At last

Thy shadowy cloak is cast
Upon the woodland's floor.
What mysteries outpour
From forest chambers vast,
From aged trees and hoar,
Proud heriters of lore,
Rich coffers of the past!

THE GREEN KNIGHT

What golden music sifts
Among the boughs, and lifts
Its melody on high
Where, like a flower, drifts
The moon across the sky! . . .
Now Nature, in a swoon
Of love, forgets the noon,
And treetops, tower-stemmed,
Are brightly diademmed
By yonder palid moon—
A silver lily there,
In gardens of the air,
With pale star-blossoms gemmed,
Pale blossoms that have hemmed
The dusky robe of Night
With broideries of light
Since golden stars and white
The fair moon made more fair. . . .
On all the world sweet Sleep
Now casts her subtle power;
No life defies the hour;
No living thing, no flower
But nestles in the dark;
No creature dares to peep
From bramble shadows deep;
No cry of beast or bird
In all the wood is heard;
No voice . . . no sound. . . .
[*An owl boots softly.*
But hark!

The owl's nocturnal note
Gainsays my wasted word;
Mysterious and remote,
His dreary measures float
Afar off to the shore
Of the land that's called—No More.

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[*High on the path, in the direction of the moon, the youthful figure of a Moonbeam, clad in diaphanous garments of pale blue, white, and silver, and crowned with silver rays, appears and descends to the glade. Other Moonbeams follow at intervals.*

Lo! down yon pathway steep
The silent moonbeams creep,
As from a languid cloud
The moon, with silver prowed,
Sails on the searchless deep.
With noiseless feet they troop
Where topmost branches droop;
Thro' massy trees and tall,
See how they softly fall
Like petals on the ground—
Like petals, wreathing round,
They fall without a sound.
Come, moonbeams, silver-white!
Come, moonbeams silver-bright!
To woodland dark and dumb,
Come, moonbeams! . . . Come! . . .
Come! Come!

[*As each Moonbeam reaches a position in the glade, he sinks gently to the ground—his filmy draperies spread about him—and remains motionless until all have so disposed themselves. The music now merges into a slow dance, and, one by one, the Moonbeams rise and begin to glide about the glade, rhythmically moving their floating draperies around them. In this wise they slip in and out of the shadows cast by the great trees. The ELF-KING ascends to a station on the lower hillside, whence he watches the dancing Moonbeams. After a time, he speaks.*

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Dance on, dance on, ye moonbeams bright!
Before your gleaming footsteps, see,
A shadow hides behind each tree,
As tho' it could not bear the sight
Of phantoms that adorn the night.
Dance on, while to this charmed spot,
From bower, coppice, nook, and grot—
From forest shades to drifts of light,
I summon goblin, elf, and sprite.

[*The ELF-KING turns toward the hillside, and, waving his wand—now tipped with a point of light—utters a call.*

Ho! . . . Ya-ho! . . . Yahoyahoyaho!

[*An echo repeats the call from the direction of the hill, and, at the same moment, a number of tiny lights are seen darting hither and thither on the slope. The ELF-KING calls again.*

Ho! . . . Ya-ho! . . . Yahoyahoyaho!

[*The call is again repeated by an echo. Now the heads of Elves and Goblins peep from the shrubbery, and, springing from their biding-places, the fairy folk, to the accompaniment of sprightly elfin music come pouring down into the glade, and form themselves into two whirling rings. One of these is in the glade itself and the other surrounds the ELF-KING on his elevation. In this wise the Elves and Goblins dance about merrily. The Moonbeams withdraw from the centre to the outskirts of the glade, and continue to sway their draperies rhythmically. Finally the elfin rings break. The Goblins run about, pursuing one another playfully. One tries to escape his pursuer by biding behind the cloak of the ELF-KING. Others play at leap-frog. Still*

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others dart in and out among the dancing Elves. The ELF-KING looks on indulgently. The Dance of the Elves has continued for some time when the Black Knight of Care motive is heard. The ELF-KING starts and listens. The Care motive is heard again, and he displays increasing alarm.

What sound drives silence from the gloom,
Where awful shadows gauntly loom,
And echoes with the threat of doom?

[He listens. The Care motive is heard more insistently.]

Once more the forest sighs, once more
The vagrom winds a warning pour
From hilltop high to forest floor.

[He comes down among the dancing Elves and raises his hand. The Elves and Goblins stop dancing and gather about him.]

Hold! . . . Stop! . . . Give heed! . . .

AN ELF

Nay, nay, I plead!
I pray!

THE ELF-KING

Peace! . . . Peace! . . .
Your dancing cease! . . .
Hark! . . . Hark! . . . There! . . . There! . . .
He comes! . . . Beware
Relentless Care!

THE ELF (*protesting*)

No, no!



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE GREEN KNIGHT"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

THE GREEN KNIGHT

THE ELF-KING (*cautioning*)

Go! Go!

Thro' dark isles glide! . . .

In bracken hide . . .

In grasses lush . . .

In vine and brush . . .

Hush! . . .

Away! . . . Away! . . .

Obeys! . . .

[*As the ELF-KING admonishes them, the Elves, Goblins, and Moonbeams withdraw stealthily and enter the shrubbery where they disappear. The ELF-KING is the last to leave the glade, which now remains empty. During this scene the music is reduced to fragmentary phrases of the Dance of the Elves and the music of the forest at night that was heard in the Prelude. Under these the Care motive is heard at intervals, with greater power at each repetition. As the ELF-KING leaves the glade, the Care motive reaches its full development, and the BLACK KNIGHT appears on the lower hillside, dragging the PRINCE after him by the wrist. The BLACK KNIGHT is clad in chain mail, a hood of which covers his head. Over his armor he wears a black surcoat with dagged edges that comes to his knees. On the breast of this is the device of a skull in ashy white. His face is of a grey pallor and he wears a black beard. The PRINCE is habited in a white costume befitting his rank though simple rather than rich. The BLACK KNIGHT strides down to the middle of the glade and flings the PRINCE violently to the ground. The music ceases. The PRINCE buries his face in his hands and weeps.*

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THE BLACK KNIGHT (*brutally*)

There wash the earth with flood of desperate tears!
Weep, fool! At last thy journey is at end—
Thy journey and thy peace. Thro' painful leagues
Of serried trees that mocked with dismal moans
Thy futile cries we now, at last, are come
Unto the very bowels of the wood.
These halls of blackness are the tomb of hope;
In this, my dark abode, thou shalt remain
And give me service till thy sickened soul
Is loosened by the clement sword of Death.
My shadow covers thee as with a pall;
Let flow thy wild, hot tears, for nevermore
Shalt thou be plucked from out the shroud of Care.
Beneath that cruel sheet there is no rest;
Who sleeps therein must tenant dreams of pain,
Of anguish, and of fear. As stone on stone
Strikes sparks of sudden fire that quickly die,
So, in thy cracking brain, shall visions flash
Of bygone joys and agonies to be.
Yea, Memory, turned monster, shall unroll
Before thine eager eyes delighting scenes
Of feasts and pageants, gardens, warriors, slaves,
Soft maidens, music, love, and dark-hued wines.

THE PRINCE

No more, in pity! Ah, no more! no more!
See how these tears beseech thee! Let them melt
Thine iron heart; or, failing, word thy wish.
The King, my father, shall requite thee; yea,
E'en to his realm! Break thy design, and gold,
Like rain, shall pour upon thee. Thou shalt wade,
Thigh-deep, a golden river, margined fair
By pebbled banks strewn all with jewels rare.
Have pity!

THE GREEN KNIGHT

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Peace! Hope not, thou whining dog,
That weeping shall unproof my master will,
Nor deem I snatched thee from thy father's court
To let thee free for pity! Nay, thou swine!
Should every tear that drips from thy mad eyes
Become a splendid jewel at my feet,
Thou wouldst not lessen by a single pang
The anguish I ordain to feed my hate.
The King, thy father, reft of his poor whelp,
Shall yield me tribute, not in riches vast,
But days and nights of sorrow till he dies.
E'en now he sits, mid palace-splendors, dumb
With grief. Thy mother, unconsolated, distraught,
In anguish wrings the hands that fondled thee;
Despair with cruel fingers tears her heart,
While Madness like a vulture hovers near
And mocks her prey. . . .

THE PRINCE

Ah, fiend! vile fiend! of hell's dark brood most vile!
Mine eyes forget their tears of anguish, yet
They weep for shame that thy befouling sight
Hath seen them weep. I do defy thee, fiend!

THE BLACK KNIGHT (*laughing*)

Thy rashness doth beguile me. Like a flame
It burns from thy quick heart—from that quick heart
That I shall slowly crush as though it were
A helpless nestling shivering in my hand.
Thy woe shall pleasure me for many days;
Here shall I lesson thee to covet death;
To pant and cry for death's sweet mercy—yea,
And I shall laugh till hell's black walls resound!

[*He laughs.*]

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Come, Madolor! What ho! Ho, Madolor!

[MADOLOR, *a hideous, misshapen dwarf, enters. He is habited shabbily in greenish black. His short tunic has a long black hood that hangs down his back, and he wears a belt of black leather. His hair is short and unkempt. He carries a human thigh-bone in his hand. A mysterious and ghastly light that seems to emanate from his person adds to his terrifying aspect. A red glint flashes from his eyes.*

MADOLOR

Master, I am here.

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Take thou this pretty stripling, Madolor.
A royal prize! He is the King's own son.

MADOLOR

Be thou the King's own son or bastard from the belly of thy dam, thou shalt be chambered as thou never wast before. Hard by, there is a cavern; on its miry floor crawl vipers, toads, and filthy vermin. There, in slime and ordure thou shalt lie and spew thy heart.

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Thy purpose brims my wish, good Madolor,
But hither hale my captives—they that rode
In proudest panoply beside the King.

(*to the PRINCE*)

Thou touchest at thy doom and now shalt see
How I do break men's souls. Go, Madolor!

MADOLOR

I need no goading for this swineherd's work; it suits

THE GREEN KNIGHT

my aspirations as maggots suit a bloated carcass festering in the sun.

[MADOLOR goes out. *Darkness falls as from a cloud passing across the moon. The BLACK KNIGHT stands in the middle of the glade, illumined by a dim and ghastly light that falls athwart the dark and towering trees.*

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Now when the midnight,
With horror and blackness,
Spreadeth its wings
Like some foul bird of prey,
Hear me, O Sathanas,
Hear me, thou mighty one,
Father of Sin
And begetter of Evil!
Hear me and judge me,
O monarch and master!

Thou, round whose iron throne
Raven forever
The flame and the roar
Of thy furnaces dread,
Mingled with cries
Of thy gibbering demons,
Pierced by the moans
And the shrieks of the damned;
Thou who tormentest
The spirits of dead men,
Hear me and see
How I strive in thy service—
Strive to embitter
The world with disaster;
Strive to load life
With the terrors of hell!

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Into my hands
Thou hast given the power
To smite all mankind
With the sharp scourge of Care;
Well have I labored,
And now in the passion
Of hatred's fulfillment
I glorify thee!
Sathanas! . . . Sathanas! . . .
Answer thy servitor!
Sathanas! Answer me!
Father and lord!

[*The earth opens on the lower hillside, disclosing the red and luminous interior of a cavern. Flames are seen leaping within; thunder roars; lightning flashes through the forest. In the mouth of the cavern and against the fiery background stands SATHANAS, completely habited in black and wearing a black cloak.*]

SATHANAS

Thou serv'st me well, O son of mine, most well.
I am content with thee. . . .
But falter not nor stay thy cruelties!
Let sink thy venom deeper in the breasts
Of men, and send them shuddering to their doom!
Cease not to sow corruption in the world;
So reap I fuller harvest for my fires!
With powers darker, more malign and fell
Thee I engird that thou may'st doubly serve
Thy lust and mine. . . . But cheat not Death too long!
Corrode with care the heart of innocence!
Defile the springs of happiness, and pollute
With lechery the virgin founts of love!
And yet, remember that 't is I! . . . I! . . . I! . . .
Whom thou dost serve—I, Sathanas, thy god!

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Hold not my victims to indulge thy hate!
Send to my house forthwith yon cringing thing
To feed the altar flames that leap and hiss
Upon the ruddy battlements of hell!

[SATHANAS *disappears amid flames accompanied by thunder and lightning, and the cavern closes in darkness.*

THE PRINCE

(kneeling and crossing himself)

O thou Almighty, everlasting God,
Defend thy servant in his peril and need!

(praying with repressed fervor)

Illumina, quæsumus, Domine Deus, tenebras nostras;
et totius hujus noctis insidias tu a nobis repelle propitius.
Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum,
qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus,
per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

[MADOLOR *runs in and, approaching the BLACK KNIGHT, speaks with savage glee.*

MADOLOR

Hither comes the mongrel pack, as mangy dogs as ever
bitch gave birth to.

[*As MADOLOR speaks, the first of the Captives enters. Others, singly and in twos and threes, straggle in slowly, walking with bowed heads. They are garbed in long, shabby coats of sombre hues. As the Captives shamble in, a lugubrious strain of music is heard. It gradually increases in volume as they fill the scene. The PRINCE looks furtively at the faces of one after another, while MADOLOR goes about among them uttering threats and abuse and striking them with his thigh-bone cudgel.*

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Come! ye move as slow as any glutted beast, altho' your guts are withered from disuse. Move! Move! or I shall smite you with this treeless root I digged from out a grave!

[*The PRINCE recognizes some of the Captives and speaks to them.*]

THE PRINCE

Agenor, is it thou? . . . He knows me not,
But stares with empty eyes that would seem dead
Did they not move and gaze.

Ah, Lucan, speak!

Andred! Meliot! . . . No! Ah, now I feel
The deadliest stings of Care!

THE BLACK KNIGHT

What thinkest thou
Of vassalage in my domain? Behold
How pride and strength are changed to misery!

[*ARCHOLON, an old man with a white beard, is the last of the Captives to enter. He wears the shabby garb of a priest. The PRINCE approaches him.*]

THE PRINCE

Good Archolon, 't is thou! Yes, yes, 't is thou!
Thine eyes with memory kindle! Heaven be praised!

[*They embrace.*]

ARCHOLON

Unhappy boy! . . . O God, hast thou forgot
This tender child all innocent of sin?

(*to the PRINCE*)

Alas that I should see thee in this place!
Thou makest bright the moment, and my heart

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Is warmed to feel thine fluttering in thy breast.

[*The BLACK KNIGHT approaches and seizing the PRINCE drags him, despite his struggles, away from ARCHOLON.*

THE BLACK KNIGHT

So, thou hast found a friend? 'T is well. My hate
Shall feast twofold, for ye shall suffer more
In seeing anguish rend the other's soul.
Thou callest on thy god? What is thy god
Who lets thee suffer? Bah! a man-made god
Ye worship with your chants and mummary!
But I am neither man nor made of man,
For I am Care, that tortureth all mankind.
I own no king, and bow to but one god—
Great Sathanas, the Ruler of the World!

(*to MADOLOR*)

Drive to their dens these swine, but leave this cub
To contemplate the moon that shines afar
On happier scenes he never more shall know.

(*to the PRINCE*)

I leave thee in these silent halls of gloom,
Remember, and be thoughtful of thy doom.

[*The BLACK KNIGHT goes out. MADOLOR runs among the Captives, and begins driving them from the glade.*

MADOLOR

Begone! Dost love my buffets as I love to give? (*to a lagging Captive*) If thou wouldst stay thou shalt, but I shall slay thee first, and thou shalt rot here on the ground, and so bestink the place that all the winds shall carry bidding to the red-eyed crows to gorge upon thy entrails. Be off, I say, be off! (*to ARCHOLON*) Be off,

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thou grey old louse! Thou starvling dung-fly. Must this sweet cudgel teach thee once again to heed my words? I'll beat thee till thou canst not say thy prayers!

[MADOLOR *seizes* ARCHOLON *and drives him from the glade with blows. He then addresses the* PRINCE.

Now, whelpling, think on what thou here hast seen, and things more dire that thou yet shalt see. (*ironically*) Thou hast a valiant spirit—aye, thou art brave! Thou fearest not afrits and demons of the haunted wood, nor hideous beasts with gnashing fangs that prowl in yonder shadows! Thou dost not fear, for thou art brave. (*malignantly*) I leave thee to thy fancies; they can take thee hence on journeys of desire, but naught can take thy body from this spot. Here thou shalt writhe beneath the strangling claws of Pain, to taste, at last, the bitter kiss of Death!

[MADOLOR *leaves the glade, turning as he does so with a vicious gesture. The* PRINCE, *flinging himself on the ground, buries his face in his hands and weeps silently. The sound of a harp is now heard in a series of arpeggios, which merges into a melody that expresses musically the dejection of the* PRINCE. *After the music has been heard for some time, the elfin lights begin to flit about in the shrubbery, and the* ELF-KING *enters, followed by the Elves and Goblins. He stands by the* PRINCE *and looks at him compassionately. The music of the Dance of the Elves recommences, and the fairy folk dance again. After a little, the* PRINCE *raises his head and gazes with bewilderment at the dancing sprites. He does not, however, see the* ELF-KING, *who presently touches him on the shoulder making, at the same time, a sign to the Elves*

THE GREEN KNIGHT

*and Goblins, who cease dancing and run off
among the trees.*

THE ELF-KING

Peace, weary heart, be not afraid,
Tho' Care and Pain deny thee rest;
Fear not, but know thy life is blest,
And face thy trial undismayed.
Let merry elves, that danced and played
Within this dark and cheerless glade,
Bring hope and courage to thy breast.
Thy life a fairy charm attends—
All evil things its power defies—
For, as a child, thou call'dst us friends,
Tho' sightless to thy watchful eyes. . . .

[The sounds of approaching steps, suggested musically, is followed by a strain of spiritual quality, accompanying the following lines which the ELF-KING speaks very slowly and mystically.]

But hark! the wind no longer sighs;
Across the solemn night I hear
A sound that to thy mortal ear
May whisper of a step that wends
Thro' forest ways. Near and more near
It comes, while from Night's dusky hood
The moon now sheds her tender beams.
What mystery is nigh? It seems
As if, from out the gate of dreams,
Some spirit wanders thro' the wood.
Come . . . follow me and falter not—
The elves, thy friends, now guard this spot—
In yonder coppice let us hide
And see what fortune may betide.

[Following the ELF-KING's allusion to the moon,

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moonlight slowly suffuses the hillside as well as the glade. At the bidding of the ELF-KING, the PRINCE rises and follows him. Together they steal into the shrubbery at one side of the glade which is thus left empty. The mystical music now changes into an heroic phrase—the Green Knight motive—and the mounted figure of the GREEN KNIGHT moves along the highest path on the hillside. His white horse is covered with a green housing, ornamented with gold and with redwood trees embroidered upon it. He wears full armor and over it a green parament, bearing on the breast the device of a redwood tree. His shield is of the same color and design as is also the pennant that flies from the point of his lance. Three white plumes surmount his helmet, the vizor of which is closed. His horse is led by an Elf who carries a small torch. The GREEN KNIGHT slowly descends the winding path on the hillside. The music continues. When he reaches the glade he approaches the place where the brazen shield hangs, and strikes it a blow with his lance. The shield gives out a loud, clangorous sound that echoes through the forest. The music ceases. The reverberations have scarcely died away when the BLACK KNIGHT rides in. He is mounted on a black charger covered with a black housing bearing the device of a skull. He carries a shield with the same device, and wears a closed helmet surmounted by a black plume.

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Defiant thunders thine audacious hand
Hath loosened from yon shield, and now, rash knight,
Behold me, quick upon thy summons, here

THE GREEN KNIGHT

To smite thee down and render thee to death.
Who art thou that entrudest on this ground,
Where no man setteth foot but as my slave?
Thy blazon doth proclaim thee of a realm
Unknown; thy mien betokens insolence
That I shall turn to homage of my might
Before I pour thy blood upon the earth.

[*The GREEN KNIGHT remains motionless and im-
passive.*

Wilt thou not speak a word? . . . I tell thee, dog,
Tho' thou be dumb as seems, thy wretched tongue
Shall utter cries to fright the very beasts
That will engorge themselves upon thy corpse. . . .
Near by there is a glen where thou shalt lie—
There follow me since thou hast mind to die!

[*The GREEN KNIGHT makes a gesture of assent, and,
the BLACK KNIGHT preceding, they ride out of
the glade. ARCHOLON and the Captives, some
of whom carry torches, now enter, cautiously
but with suppressed excitement, from one side,
and the PRINCE from the other.*

THE PRINCE

In yonder glen didst thou not see the knight
Who rides to battle with our foe? Give thanks
To God, for we are saved at last!

ARCHOLON

Nay, boy,
The golden lamp of hope still burns for thee;
Alas, we know how many a doughty knight
Hath bowed before dread Care's resistless shock.
Our fate is in the hands of God on high;
We can but trust in him, and so beseech
His mercy. Now in prayer let us kneel!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*The PRINCE and the Captives kneel. The prayer is expressed entirely in music. It is in the form of a chorale divided into stropbes. After each strophe, music expressive of the onrush and shock of conflict and combined with the clash of arms, is heard. In these intervals ARCHOLON, who remains standing on an elevation above the others, speaks, without accompaniment, the following lines:*

[*First strophe*]

Almighty God, we have suffered in Thy sight! Grant us grace! . . .

[*Second strophe*]

Eternal Father of us all, look down upon our woe! Deliver us, O God! . . .

[*Third strophe*]

Hear us, O Lord, and have mercy upon us! Grant us grace! . . . Deliver us, O God! . . .

[*ARCHOLON ascends the lower hillside whence he can view the conflict. After a fourth strophe of music there is a clash of arms accompanied by the Conflict Music.*

The contest waits o'er long and augurs well.
As some black billow of a cloud-hung sea
Is dashed upon a lofty verdured rock,
The foul one hurls his bulk upon his foe.

[*A clash of arms is heard accompanied by the Conflict Music.*

(*with animation*)

What see my eyes! He falls! O God in heaven,
Now lend Thy grace to him who fights for Thee!

THE GREEN KNIGHT

[*A trumpet gives the first phrase of the Green Knight motive.*

(*exultingly to the others*)

Let joy, a stranger to your grievèd hearts,
Revive your strength. Now, with new zeal, exalt
The everlasting God who heard your prayer!

[*The Captives rise with a show of excitement, and ARCHOLON comes down among them. The GREEN KNIGHT now rides in, carrying in his right hand the head of the BLACK KNIGHT suspended by the hair. In the same hand he grasps his drawn sword. He lets the head fall into the hands of one of the liberated Captives who casts it disdainfully into the brush that borders the glade. ARCHOLON approaches the GREEN KNIGHT and addresses him.*

Thou hast destroyed the enemy of man.
Thou has set free his vassals. Once again
We look upon the heavens bending o'er
These agèd trees that were our prison walls,
And all their beauty enters in our souls.
No more their mightiness a menace seems;
No more we languish helpless in despair,
For thou hast lifted from our limbs the chains
Of woe that burdened us, and from our hearts
The galling weight of care. . . .

Wilt thou not speak? . . .
Wilt thou not name thyself? . . . Whence comest thou? . . .
Thy silence covers not thy nobleness,
But fills my vision with a holy awe;
Thou seemest as a being not of earth,
But heaven-sent, an instrument of God.

[*A distant horn is heard from the direction of the hill.*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

THE PRINCE

Hark! A horn rings from the night!

[The horn is heard again.]

Once more

Its trembling note rides on the shaken air. . . .

Now does its sweet, familiar cadence draw

My soul!

[The horn is heard again.]

Yes, yes, I know that valiant blast!

It is—it is the company of the King!

He comes! The King, my father, comes! Make haste!

The way is dark. . . . They wander in the wood. . . .

With torches meet their coming and make bright

The pathway's tracing stolen by the night!

[While the PRINCE is speaking, the GREEN KNIGHT turns and rides slowly to a station on the lower hillside. At the PRINCE's bidding, some of the liberated Captives, carrying torches, leave the glade and are seen ascending the hillside. The PRINCE turns to ARCHOLON.]

Mark, Archolon, the silent stranger makes

As tho' he would depart. . . . But no! . . . He stands! . . .

[The GREEN KNIGHT, with an august gesture, raises his vizor. A miraculous light floods his countenance.]

What wonder starts my sight! Meseems his face

Shines as if touched with strange celestial light,

And on my brow I feel, like a caress,

The wafture of mysterious, unseen wings.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Listen to my words, O happy mortals,

Ye who late within this mighty forest

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Languished in the heavy chains of terror.
Listen, and exalt in adoration
Him who from the radiant throne of heaven
Sent me to deliver you from bondage.
Nameless must I be, but know that yonder,
In the spacious dwelling of the angels,
In the peaceful dwelling of the angels,
We, the chosen, cleansed of sin and shriven,
Watch and guard the blood of Christ, our Saviour,
Chaliced in the Holy Grail's perfection.
Thence have I, with righteous arms invested,
Sought this dark abode of evil spirits,
Sought and slain the demon, Care, avenging
Immemorial wrong and malefaction.
Care is dead and by my sword hath perished
Vile and cruel Pain, his loathly creature.
Once again ye walk the earth unfettered.
Be ye humble therefore and forget not,
Tho' Adversity's bleak spear should wound you,
God's all-seeing love and grace eternal
Shall deliver you and clothe your spirits
With a robe of glory everlasting.

[*A horn call is heard near at hand from the direction of the hill. It is followed by another and another, and, finally, by a fanfare that merges into a march. The persons in the glade, with the exception of the GREEN KNIGHT, look with expectancy toward the hill, and on the highest path a torch-bearer appears leading a horse on which rides the KING, clad in mail. His surcoat is quartered in red and gold, as is his horse's housings, and both bear the device of an owl. His shield and the pennant that flies from the point of his lance are quartered in the same colors. On his helmet is a golden crown surmounted by a red plume. He is followed by*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

four mounted knights wearing armor and carrying lances and shields. The horses of the knights are led by torch-bearers. The FIRST KNIGHT wears a parament of dark blue, and his horse's housings are of the same color. His parament, housings, shield, and pennant bear the device of a scroll and stylus. The SECOND KNIGHT's color is yellow and his device is a pipe and syrinx. The THIRD KNIGHT wears dark red and bears the device of a brush and palette of archaic form. The FOURTH KNIGHT wears bright blue and his device is a sculptor's chisel and maul. The King's March continues as the company descends the winding path on the hillside. As the KING approaches the level of the glade the PRINCE ascends to meet him and some of the liberated Captives move toward the advancing knights. The PRINCE greets his father and walks at his stirrup as he enters the glade. The four knights range themselves at one side, opposite the KING. The music ceases.

THE KING

My heart is like a golden cup of roses,
Where wingèd Joy drinks deep the sweet excess!

[He leans down and kisses the PRINCE.]

ARCHOLON

Give praise unto the Lord, for now indeed
Do blessings fall like flowers from his hand!
Behold, O King, thy vassals, yet not one
More joyed to bow before thy will than I!

THE KING

'T is Archolon, and these my goodly knights!

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Now smiling Fortune sets a brighter crown
Upon the brow of Happiness. . . . But thou,
My son, of all the jewels in that crown,
Art brightest to mine eyes and to my heart
Most dear. Ah, would that I, who knew not hope,
Might wing my grateful words to God on high,
Who gave thee to me from thy mother's womb,
And gives thee once again from this dark tomb!

THE PRINCE

We have been spared by Death, yet, in this spot,
His grim and awful presence made us free.
For here, our captor, Care, a demon foul,
Was slain by yonder gracious knight; to him
We owe our lives and, owing life, owe all.

THE KING

Sir knight, thy deed I'll not affront with praise,
But show thee to what honor in my heart
Thy prowess and thy sword have brought thee. . . .
Come thou unto my court and I, each day,
Shall give thee what each day thou namest; or
Desire at once my sceptre and my crown
And they are thine.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Not for guerdon has my sword been wielded;
To thy court I may not ride in triumph,
But to vasty realms beyond the starlight
Whence I came must I be straight returning.
Ere I go, my task fulfilled, I bid thee
Listen to the high and solemn mandate,
Through me given by our heavenly Master;
Care no longer, like a jackal prowling,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Fills the forest with portentous terrors.
Thou shalt drive the memory of his presence
From this grove forever, and shalt suffer
Naught but gladness to abide within it—
Gladness and the peace begot of Beauty.
And, as time the cirque of years rolls onward,
Hither shall thy children come rejoicing.
Here shall flowers bloom and cast their incense
On the lyric breezes sweet with bird-song;
Here shall gracile deer and hasty squirrel
Wander unmolested thro' the greenwood;
Bending ferns shall catch the golden sunlight,
That, with straight and shimmering lance, impierces
All the pillared chambers of the forest;
And when night with darkness drapes the hours
Mirth shall ripple thro' these leafy arches.
Thus thy children and thy children's children
Shall, in token of thy faith and purpose,
Bring to pass redemption of the woodland.

Yonder lies the corpse of Care. Go thither!
Rear a lofty pyre of mighty branches,
And upon the flames' devouring fury
Cast the husk that held the sap of evil!

[The King's March—diminished in both length and volume—is again heard. The company, led by the KING, slowly withdraws from the glade. The PRINCE is about to follow the others when the GREEN KNIGHT addresses him. The PRINCE ascends to where the GREEN KNIGHT stands. The music ceases.]

Come thou hither and attend my bidding!

[He dismounts.]

This, my sword, I give thee—use it nobly;
Care it slew, and, in the years that wait thee,

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Use thou it with honor. Take this charger,
Comrade of my questing, and remember
Him who rode against thy dread tormentor. . . .
Leave me now, and with thy kingly father
Scatter on the wind Care's loathsome ashes.
Fare thee well, and thus I gravely charge thee;
Whilst thou livest, glorify thy Master!
Glorify thy God and praise his bounty!
Glorify the Lord, whose greatest glory
Calls on men to serve the cause of Beauty!

[*The PRINCE takes the GREEN KNIGHT's sword and horse and slowly leaves the glade. As he does so the area of moonlight is gradually reduced—as if clouds were passing across the face of the moon—until only the lower hillside, where the GREEN KNIGHT is standing, is illumined. The GREEN KNIGHT remains silent for a short time, as if in meditation. He then speaks with the greatest solemnity.*

God shall bless them who serve the cause of Beauty;
God shall bless them, for God himself is Beauty—
Ancient spirit of all that ye most cherish,
Who the visible forms of Nature worship
And the mysteries of her mighty bosom.
Beauty healeth the hearts of those who seek her;
Yet, thro' Beauty, men suffer, yea, and perish,
Bearing bravely the burthen of her service.
Beauty crowneth the quiet brows of Patience—
Patience following dreams that lure the dreamer
Into solitudes none may know but dreamers.
Beauty giveth to love its peace and rapture;
Yet shall Beauty these gifts bestow upon you.
Beauty whispereth secret words to poets—
Words that open the inner gates of vision,
Through which wander the errant feet of Fancy.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[*Music begins softly with an announcement of the Beauty theme.*

Beauty soareth upon the wings of music,
Calling harmonies from the lute and viol.
Kingship passeth; its splendors fade as flowers;
Temples crumble to dust and cities vanish;
Yea! these lofty and ancient trees shall follow
Fate's implacable law, but Beauty riseth,
Bright and glorious, sweet and everlasting.
Here, in forests beneath the weightless curtain,
Woven cunningly by the silent moonbeams,
Beauty abideth and charmeth the eyes of mortals.
Here shall ye who behold her yield her homage!
Here she reigneth, alone, supreme, and holy!
Here her rites shall be held forever sacred!
Worship God as ye will, but this remember,
God is Beauty, and Beauty filleth heaven.
Now shall heaven attest the strength of Beauty!

[*The music ceases abruptly, and the GREEN KNIGHT, raising his hands on high, cries an invocation.*

Hear me, Jesu, son of God, whose voice is mercy and whose heart is love! Our Lady, hear! Angels of heaven, throw wide the gates of gold and let the light of Paradise descend!

[*Above the hillside, the gates of Paradise open in a flood of golden light that illumines the heavens. The music resumes at the same moment, and from the gleaming gates an ANGEL sounds a trumpet blast—the Beauty theme. The celestial light continues while the GREEN KNIGHT slowly ascends the hill, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration. His ascent is accompanied by music into which enter the Beauty theme, the Green Knight theme and the*

THE GREEN KNIGHT

music of the forest at night. When he approaches the radiant gates, a culminating expression of the Beauty theme is heard; the ANGEL takes him by the hand and, together, they enter Paradise. The GREEN KNIGHT raises his hands in a final gesture of exaltation; the gates close; the music ends triumphantly; and all is dark and silent.

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY EDWARD G. STRICKLEN

THE PRELUDE is built in the main upon themes related to the action, which will be illustrated in their proper places. It begins with a series of *arpeggios* intended to express the music of the cithara that is played by the speaker of the prologue (Neotios). Thus introduced, and the prologist having left the scene, the Prelude continues upon a theme indicative of the forest at night. This is scored at first for divided violins alone:



The theme is developed for a few measures by imitations on one instrument after another until all cease on a *forte*. A florid passage assigned to a single 'cello introduces the Green Knight theme which is played at first in a *cantabile* by the 'cellos and then by the other strings:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Moderato, cantabile



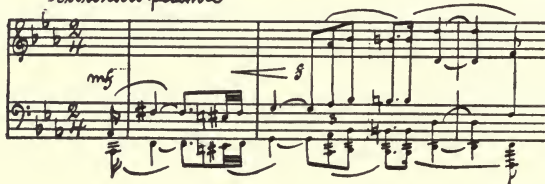
A portion of the Dance of the Elves is next introduced. This is built upon the following theme:

Allegro leggiero



Into this the Black Knight or Care theme enters:

Sostenuto pesante



When the Dance of the Elves occurs in the action, the Care theme enters under the dance melody and is repeated at intervals preparatory to the entrance of the Black Knight.

The remainder of the Prelude consists of a foreshadowing of the Conflict Music which will be illustrated where it occurs in the action, followed by the Green Knight theme in triumphant form, indicative of the Green

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Knight's victory over Care, and finally by a repetition of the quiet measures expressive of the forest at night with which the Prelude began.

The Prelude—intended to intensify the atmosphere of mystery suggested by the prologue in which the auditors are bidden by Neotios to dream—is, as it were, a prelude to a dream. It ends when the Elf-King theme is introduced and the Elf-King makes his appearance:



As the light of the rising moon illumines the scene the Moon theme is heard. The Elf-King's address to the moon is built upon this theme:

ILLUSTRATION I

O Night, once more, once more I welcome thee!

Andante

At last Thy shadowy cloak is cast Up - on the for - est floor. What

espresso.

Sed. Sed. Sed. *

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

mysteries outpour From wood land cham-bers vast, From
 ag-ed trees and hoar, Boud he-ni-ters of love Rich coffers of the past!

dim.
 Red. Red. Red. Red.

ILLUSTRATION 2

Now Nature in a swoon of love forgets the moon, And tree tops, tower stemmed, are
 brightly di-a-dammed, By yonder pallid moon; A sil-ver li-ly there, In

soo piu mosso

THE GREEN KNIGHT



ILLUSTRATION 3

Lento
Myz-te-ri-ous and re-mote, His dreamy measures float a

far off to the shore Of the land that's called - No More.

This musical score is for 'ILLUSTRATION 3'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Myz-te-ri-ous and re-mote, His dreamy measures float a far off to the shore Of the land that's called - No More.' The piano part includes a section marked 'Lento' (Lento).

The Moonbeams enter during the latter part of the Elf-King's speech. A few measures of transitional material are introduced while the Moonbeams rise, and the Dance of the Moonbeams begins. The first figure, built upon the Moon theme changed to 3-4 rhythm, is as follows:

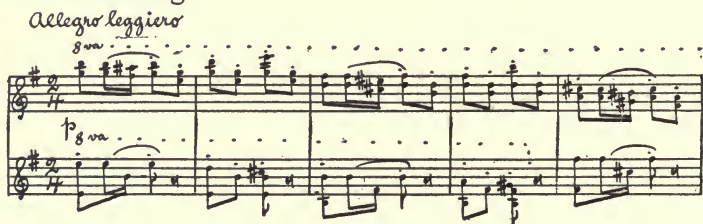
THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



A second figure is introduced in this form:



The Elf-King speaks on the closing measures of the dance and as he calls to the elves and goblins the fairy folk come scampering down the hillside to the accompaniment of the following:



THE GREEN KNIGHT



This changes to the Dance of the Elves, which has already been illustrated, toward the end of which the Care theme enters and is repeated until the Black Knight appears. The Care theme is then given with the full strength of the orchestra and the music ceases.

An episode of action ensues unaccompanied by music. The Black Knight finally commands the dwarf, Madolor, to bring in the captives. As these enter, garbed in "shabby coats of sombre hues" and walking with bowed heads, they present a melancholy spectacle. The music accompanying their entrance is lugubrious in character and parallels in a gradual crescendo the effect upon the eye of the gradual filling of the scene. This is written with a double time signature (5-4 3-4) and begins as follows:

Lento lugubre



A second figure is introduced. This is derived from the Care theme and is the principal basis of the following illustration:

Andante sostenuto



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The action now continues for a time without music. Finally the Prince—racked by anguish and terror induced by the malignity of the Black Knight and Madolor—is left alone in the awful stillness of the forest. Throwing himself on the ground he gives course to his tears, and the orchestra begins an interlude expressive of his despair. This is assigned chiefly to the harp, assisted by muted strings. Its principal theme is as follows:



A second figure is introduced in this form:



While this is being played the Elf-King enters with the elves and goblins, and, the music merging into the Dance of the Elves, the fairy folk dance about as before. The Elf-King presently stops the dance and the music ceases.

The Elf-King now speaks to the Prince. During this speech a succession of tympani beats suggestive of approaching steps is heard. The Elf-King, pausing, says:

THE GREEN KNIGHT

But hark! the wind no longer sighs;
 Across the solemn night I hear
 A sound that to thy mortal ear
 May whisper of a step that wends
 Thro' forest ways.

What mystery is nigh? It seems
 As if from out the gate of dreams
 Some spirit wanders thro' the wood.

The spiritual suggestion of these lines is expressed musically by the Green Knight theme in the following form:



This is continued until the Elf-King and the Prince leave the scene whereupon the Green Knight theme is

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

sounded by the brasses and the Green Knight appears on the upper hillside. As he rides down the winding path the orchestra plays the music of the Green Knight in extended form, as heard in the latter part of the Prelude.

The Green Knight and the Black Knight join in combat in a neighboring glen. The Prince and the captives reënter. Archolon, the priest, calls upon them to pray. They kneel and the prayer is expressed entirely by the orchestra. It is composed in the form of a chorale. The first strophe begins as follows:



At the end of the first strophe a clash of arms is heard and the orchestra plays the Conflict Music, utilizing the Care theme. The following illustration arranged for piano will suggest the character of the passage:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

This is interrupted momentarily by a *cantabile* passage:



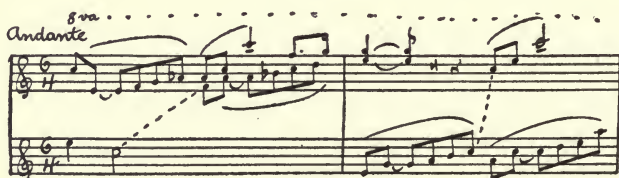
The march is again played in diminished form as the King and the other characters finally leave the scene. After this the Green Knight delivers his last speech—an apostrophe to Beauty. This progresses for some time unaccompanied, but when he utters the lines,

Beauty soareth upon the wings of music,
Calling harmonies from the lute and viol,

the orchestra begins softly with an announcement of the Beauty theme, simplified from the full expression in which it appears later. This simplified treatment of the theme is as follows:



With this the finale begins and proceeds with the development of the Beauty theme imitated in *stretto*:



THE GREEN KNIGHT

As a counterpoint to this the music of the forest at night, transposed to the key of C major, is employed:



This accompanies the latter part of the Green Knight's speech which is spoken with constantly increasing exaltation—paralleled by the music—until the concluding line,

Now shall heaven attest the strength of Beauty.

At this point the music stops abruptly and the Green Knight calls upon the angels of heaven to "throw wide the gates of gold and let the light of Paradise descend!" To borrow from Mr. Garnett's stage directions: "Above the hillside, the gates of Paradise open in a flood of golden light that illumines the heavens. The music is resumed at the same moment, and from the gleaming gates an angel sounds a trumpet blast—the Beauty theme. The celestial light continues while the Green Knight slowly ascends the hill, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration." His ascent is accompanied by the Green Knight motive in extended form until he approaches the gates of heaven. The final and full expression of the Beauty theme now enters. It is in part as follows:

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



This accompanies him until having stepped within the gates of Paradise they close upon him and the music ceases as darkness falls.



THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

PAN AND ORION

THE TENTH GROVE PLAY

[PERFORMED ON THE TENTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1912
[REPEATED ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH NIGHT OF AUGUST, 1912]

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

A Music-Drama

BY

JOSEPH D. REDDING

WITH A NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY THE COMPOSER

HENRY HADLEY

JOSEPH D. REDDING

SIRE

ARGUMENT

PAN, Arcadian deity of pastoral life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zephyrus, youngest son of Astræus, father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon the disclosing to Pan by Eos, of her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia.

Astræus, discovering their flight, calls in rage upon his harpies and sends them forth in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son.

Ten years elapse, and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep in the sun at the base of the statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmèd well, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls, and nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight; they gather courage and, after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris whom they crown as Flora, Goddess Bountiful.

Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

the nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion, in brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion makes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the heart; he falls dead at the foot of the statue. The hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the echo of their dance the nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus leads Flora from the scene.

Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air.

The last scene returns to the home of Astræus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his cave. His mighty prowess and all his harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far up the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus, Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence, and that she has pledged the union of the twain; she will return to Astræus if he also will give consent to this union. The Father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astræus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and, amid a great flood of light which illuminates the forest, he stands before the world once more, "the perfect child create at birth."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PAN	MR. DAVID BISPHAM
ZEPHYRUS, <i>youngest son of Astræus and Eos. (As a child)</i>	MASTER FRANCIS NIELSON
ZEPHYRUS (<i>As a youth</i>)	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
ASTRÆUS, <i>Father of the Winds</i>	MR. E. MYRON WOLF
ORION, <i>a demigod and mighty hunter</i>	MR. J. WILSON SHIELDS
SILENUS, <i>companion and cup-bearer to Orion</i>	MR. HENRY A. MELVIN
NICOTHŒ, <i>leader of the harpies</i>	MR. RANDAL W. BOROUGH
ACHOLŒ, <i>a harpy</i>	MR. HARRIS C. ALLEN
EOS (<i>afterwards AURORA</i>), <i>wife of Astræus and mother of Zephyrus</i>	*MR. R. M. HOTALING
CHLORIS (<i>afterwards FLORA</i>), <i>an Arcadian nymph</i>	MR. JOHN C. DORNIN

Harpies, Nymphs of Diana, Hunters, Fauns

PLACE: Ancient Greece. Act I—Before the cave of Astræus.
Act II—The shrine of Diana in Arcadia. Act III—
The same as Act I.

TIME: The Age of Mythology. Ten years are supposed to elapse
between Act I and Act II.

*At the second performance, on August 24, 1912, the part of Eos was taken by
Mr. Ralph L. Phelps.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Production directed by MR. FRANK L. MATHIEU.

Setting and properties designed by MR. WILLIS POLK, MR. CLARENCE WARD, MR. HAIG PATIGIAN and MR. M. EARL CUMMINGS and executed by MR. GEORGE E. LYON.

Dances devised and directed by MR. GEORGE B. DE LONG and MR. RANDAL W. BOROUGH.

Lighting by MR. EDWARD J. DUFFEY.

• • •

Musical Director, MR. HENRY HADLEY.

Chorus Master, MR. JOHN DE P. TELLER.

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

A Music-Drama

PROLOGUE

A dense thicket at the foot of a wooded hillside. It is early morning.

[The sound of pipes is heard in the distance and PAN is seen coming down the hillside, disappearing and reappearing. He finally emerges from the thicket.]

PAN

Ye mortals who have beauty in your form,
With grace of limb, who make a misshapen thing
Like me should sport within this grove, give heed!

Penelope my mother was, and great
Ulysses was my sire, although there were
Of suitors for her hand an hundred more—
Deities who, enraptured by her beauty,
With ardor strove to lure her from her trust,
While she in sorrow waited on his love.

In passion's mold and with such mortal made
Was I created, a perfect child at birth;
In fairest stature formed, and of such strength
As ne'er was equalled in a union joined
Among the gods. My mother fled in fear

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

The accusation might be brought that she
Had husbanded an hundred secret lusts
With which forsooth to conjure up a child
Whose form should bear the beauty of them all.

Hermes to high Olympus with me fled,
Where I became the favorite of the gods,
And as a special privilege was I called
To rule in fair Arcadia. This my trust:
To hold dominion over all the trees,
The grottoes, flocks and herds; to wake my muse
And call to mate all living things, on bough,
In field or forest shade, and bid to live
Arcadia's guild in love and sweet content.

Had I obeyed the trust to me conveyed,
These gnarlèd limbs you see and twisted horns,
This gargoyle snout, my all the very scraps
From out a butcher's heap, would ne'er have been.
Beauteous Apollo, jealous of my form,
And all the lesser gods, but sought the chance
Some punishment upon me to inflict.
Fool that I was, I reckoned not the cost
Of every knavish prank I sought to play,
With petty cruelties and tortures fine;

Using for my sport the unanswering kine,
The herd, the velvet deer with trusting eye;
When, lo! upon my vicious brain there broke
A fearful truth: I saw the very tree,—
'Neath which, with lockèd horns, two noble stags,
Egged on by me, had fought unto the death,—
This very tree, in protest groaned and hung
Its stricken head; its limbs began to shrink;

Its rugged bark before my eyes fell off,
Exposed its bleeding heart, which, with one sigh,
Gave way. The noble tree had died from grief!

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

I fled the scene and bathed my startled brain
In cooling stream, when, mirrored to me there,
Was shown the shattered being you behold.

This is my punishment and this the fate
Of all who others hurt by thought or deed
In fair Arcadia.

Nature pays her dues.
The total sums, in perfect balance kept,
Are written down upon the book of time;
And he who thinks the reckoning to avoid,
As youth is wont, or flippantly makes sport
That he may laugh while others suffer pain,
Be they gods, or men, or simple beasts afield,
Is greater fool than I.

Yet I'm not sad;
Music is vouchsafed me, and on these pipes
I carol to the birds, who answer back
In kindred melody. With these I charm
Distempers rife from out the blood-eyed bull
And bring the squirrel from his hole, and cause
All living things, still in my charge, to hold
Their peace and dwell in harmony.

Give heed!

One other gift, ordained to me, I have:
The gift of prophecy is mine. Within
This wondrous grove to-day there is a spell
Charging the air with omens, mystic signs,
Foretokens that some mighty deed shall here
Unfold the vasty projects of the gods.

O forest trees! In majesty and form
Ye lift your noble heads, while I, poor dwarf,
Misshapen for my base-inflicted crime,
May strive to keep my faith with ye as hostage;
A broken promise which I may redeem.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

(singing)

Could I but lead within this scene
A youth of godly origin;
Untaught in guile, with faith to feel
The truth the deities here reveal,—

A youth bestowed by mother love
As tender hostage to this grove,—
I'd be his slave, his faithful Pan,
His dog, his vassal, serving man.

I'd lay his bed of maid's-hair fern
All canopied with golden kern;
And play him drowsily to sleep,
While jack-o'-lanterns vigil keep.

From out Diana's virgin train
I'd find a mate and bid the twain
Their love to Hymen dedicate,
A union pure, inviolate:

And thus I'd pay the penalty
Of all my foolish deviltry.

But soft! I see where Cynthia peeps
That Father Time in harvest reaps
Another night into his sheaf,
While ominous calm stirs not a leaf.

Anon, good trees, I hope to prove
As well my prowess as my love.
Stand as of old, ye Noble Ban,
For I am still your faithful Pan.

ACT I

PAN resumes playing upon his pipes. As he turns and faces the thicket through which he came, it disappears and discloses an open glade from which the hillside rises. The light increases. The morning sun discovers ZEPHYRUS on the lower hillside. He is a fair-haired boy of eight or nine years of age. PAN's music stops abruptly.

[A butterfly attracts the attention of ZEPHYRUS who rises and chases it. The butterfly escapes and ZEPHYRUS, kneeling down, makes an apron of his tunic and fills it with flowers.]

PAN (*aside*)

Youth and innocence! I would not frighten him.

[He turns partly away, but cannot keep his eyes from the boy. ZEPHYRUS again chases the butterfly—dropping some of his flowers. Now, seeing PAN, he stops and smiles innocently.]

ZEPHYRUS (*simply*)

Good morrow, great god Pan!

PAN

Thou knowest me, child?

ZEPHYRUS

Indeed it must be thou and no one else;
Eos, my mother, often hath described thee.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Thou art the first strange god my eyes have seen;
I only know my elder brothers three.

PAN

And thou dost not fear me?

ZEPHYRUS (*singing*)

I know not fear;
I have been taught to love the world.
When spring is come,
I gather flowers in the field,
And these I bring
To make a garland for her hair,
My mother, Eos, divine and fair.

(*taking PAN by the hand*)

Come, sing with me,
O happy day.
I'll twine for thee a wreath of bay,
O master of the woodland clan,
For art thou not the great god Pan?

[ZEPHYRUS *holds out a wreath to PAN.*

PAN (*aside*)

The power of faith transcends the power of the gods.

[*He turns and bends before ZEPHYRUS.*

PAN (*singing*)

I'll sing with thee.

ZEPHYRUS (*singing*)

Come, sing with me.

PAN

O happy day!

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

ZEPHYRUS

O happy day!

PAN

I'll wear for thee,

ZEPHYRUS

I'll twine for thee,

PAN

A wreath of bay,

ZEPHYRUS

A wreath of bay,

PAN

As master of the woodland clan.

ZEPHYRUS

O master of the woodland clan!

PAN

I am thy slave, the great god Pan.

ZEPHYRUS

For art thou not the great god Pan?

[PAN *kneels and ZEPHYRUS places the wreath on his head.*

PAN

(rising and raising his hand to heaven)

Eros, god of love,

Protect this child against the world.

[ZEPHYRUS *once again pursues a butterfly, then faces PAN, looking at him intently.*

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

ZEPHYRUS

Thou hast a troubled look upon thy face;
Upon my mother's, oft I see the same.
Is that the mark of age, when youth is gone?

PAN

Tut, tut, my child; we gods are never old.
Come, show me where your choicest flowers grow.

ZEPHYRUS

Indeed, I shall. I know them every one.

[PAN and ZEPHYRUS go toward the hill hand in hand.
ZEPHYRUS kneels and offers flowers to PAN,
showing confidence and pleasure. EOS is seen
coming stealthily out of a cave on the hillside.
She looks around and into the forest cautiously.]

Eos (*whispering*)

Zephyrus!

[*She steps farther down from cave.*]

ZEPHYRUS

[ZEPHYRUS bears her, lifts his head and runs up the
hill toward her.]

ZEPHYRUS

Mother!

[EOS and ZEPHYRUS embrace.]

Eos

My darling boy! Thou must not run alone.
Did I not voices hear without the cave?
Which of thy brothers hath been counseling thee?

ZEPHYRUS (*pointing*)

Nay, nay, look there! It is the great god Pan.

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Eos (*putting ZEPHYRUS behind her*)

Pan! Thou clown of the gods and god of clowns,
What wouldst thou there below? Can I not hold
My youngest son unblemished from the world?
Must he, too, tread the path of all the rest,
The sap of his young life to wormwood turned,
His appetite upon destruction bent?
Great Zeus, I've sworn an oath it shall not be!

[*She shields ZEPHYRUS in her embrace.*]

PAN

Hear me, thou fulgent star of mother-kind.
Whip me with thy tongue; it is my due.
The heavy debt I owe is still unpaid;
I am accustomed to its usury.
Yet bear with me a little.
Great Gæa's fool I am, but, like all fools,
My mirth is ever on the brink of grief,
If gods or mortals dared divest their souls,
Our tears would drown the world; the briny deep
Would top the spaceless suns and quench their fires,—
And so we wear the mask and do dissemble.
Before Eos, I stand to speak the truth;
There in yon cave I know Astræus dwells,—
Father of destruction; who, with his sons,
Hath sought repeated times to blast these trees.
Against them have been hurled the howling winds,
Until the very rocks were split in twain.
And yet, behold! These titan shafts remain
Untarnished by the brunt of their assault,
Unsullied as Diana and her nymphs.
Come close, Eos,—
To thee I shall unfold a mystery.

[*Eos approaches, still shielding ZEPHYRUS.*]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Thou knowest the wizardry at my command,
How on these pipes I play, and bid mankind
And deities themselves to do my will,
Or turn their steps from war to revelry,
Or lead them nimble-footed in the dance,
Or call them back again to clash of arms;
Puppets, all, to the music of my reeds.

Some power hath restrained my churlish heart
Within this grove, and curbed my fantasy.
The tawny bruin tearing at the roots
Gave pause to prick his ear upon the strain
And amble off, his belly partly filled.
In shadow cloaked I bade thine eldest sons,
Commanded by Astræus, launch their thunder,
Striving to rend these giant trunks,—when, lo!
My syrinx filched the courage from their hearts
And held them thrall'd in music's dalliance.
What higher destiny, what guiding hand,
Bridled my wanton sport, I never knew,
Until this morn I spied thy youngest son,
So pure, so innocent, so undefiled.
His presence is a message from the gods,
And I have sworn an oath to be his slave.

Eos

Unhappy, Pan, I do believe thine oath.

(releasing ZEPHYRUS)

Zephyrus, run and play thou in the sun;
But not beyond the calling of my voice.
Pan, I have vowed no longer shall I brook
The horrors of yon pestilential cave.
Within, the feeble shadows of the day
Inscribe their epitaphs upon the walls.
Corrosion thrives and feeds upon itself

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

In cancerous gluttony. The fungus eaves
With mildew drip, and stain the cavern's mouth.
From thence my elder sons, armed head to foot,
In death and devastation roam the world.
From out my tired heart the one last drop
Of love now courses through Zephyrus' veins.
Naught knows he of his brothers' stormy life,
His father's crimes and dreaded cruelties,
For I have held him close within my breast.
But now the time has come; he questions me
And knowledge seeks—the curse of gods and men.
I must away with him or blast my soul
With more deception, lies and counterfeits.

PAN (*aside*)

Ye powers omnipotent! My prayer is heard!
Now shall a fool find opportunity
To pay the debt of all his knavery.

(*turning to Eos*)

Come, let me be thy guide; I know the way.
Together we will lead the boy through vale
And dell; the verdant turf beneath his feet,
The spreading oak to shield him from the sun;
The echo of his laughter he will hear
Playing hide-and-seek in the rippling stream,
Amid the scented ferns and mossy banks.
The years will fly like swallows in the wind
And we shall bring him to Arcadia,
There to invoke the blessings of Diana,
Chaste Artemis, protectress of the young.

Eos (*aside*)

Thou mother-hearted, virgin-limbed Diana!
The wisdom of thy words renews my hopes;

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

At once I will obey. Zephyrus! Whist!

[ZEPHYRUS comes to her running.

Give me thy hand, the other unto Pan;
Together we shall wander through the woods.

ZEPHYRUS

I knew that thou wouldst love the great god Pan.

[*Hand in hand, all three slowly ascend the roadway, PAN and ZEPHYRUS singing as before, "I'll sing with thee. Come, sing with me," etc. Darkness falls. Wind among the trees and rumblings of thunder are heard and flashes of lightning are seen in the distance. The cave on the hillside is luminously disclosed, and the towering figure of ASTRÆUS is revealed at the entrance. The rumblings of the approaching storm, somewhat subdued, are suggested in the music.*

ASTRÆUS

What do our eyes behold? This mighty grove
Unscathed by all our forces! Father Crius!
And mighty Zeus! These trees have dared to stand
Thrice o'er a thousand years. O sons of mine,
When next on great Olympus heights our scroll
Is read before the council of the gods,
Must this grey head be bowed with shameful grief?
Must our defeat be bared and we confess
That other gods there be, who in their strength
A temple here have built that all our seed
Hath fought in vain? No, by my father, no!
Through all the earth our strength hath done its will.
O mighty Gæa! What primeval sin,
Herein committed by our father's father,
Brings this defeat? Must we hereafter take

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Our seat within the council's lower end,
To be the table's butt, flouted and dubbed
The impotent sire of puny worthless kin?
Hear us, all ye titans of earth and sea!
Mighty Hecate, hear! Zephyrus we have,
Our youngest son. His untried prowess still
Awaits the test; but when his mother, Eos,
Was happy in her weight, by signs propitious
His birthright was announced. Brave Hercules,
And Vulcan, too, stood sponsor for his strength.
Great Jupiter himself gave us the pledge
That whatsoe'er Zephyrus might demand
Forthwith should be fulfilled. Of all our sons,
Zephyrus, best beloved, stand thou forth! . . .

[There is no response.]

Stand forth, we say! . . .

[Still no response.]

Zephyrus! . . .

[Silence.]

ASTRÆUS (*in a rage*)

What! Disobedience running riot, too?
Then, by the shades of Pluto and the fiends
Around him congregate in hell, we call
The brood of Nicothoë to our aid.

[He waves his wand up the hill.]

Nicothoë! Nicothoë! Come forth!

[A weird and terrible scream is heard and the Harpies, twelve in number—gaunt, bird-like figures, with spreading wings—rush down the hillside. To the accompaniment of dissonant music they dance with the movements of flight, and finally, in one great flutter, fall in front of ASTRÆUS with NICOTHOË, near where ASTRÆUS stands.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

NICOTHOË (*in an uncanny voice*)

Master, to do thy bidding, we are come.

ASTRÆUS

Thrice to answer have we Zephyrus bid,
And thrice the echo of our voice hath been
The sole reply. Tell us, where is the boy.
Ye have our edict to patrol the air
And traverse our domain. Ye harpies, speak!

NICOTHOË

Where the blotches of Uranus
Smirch the sky;
Where the stench of Pluto rises
There we fly.

When the severed head of Hydra
Blood distills,
In the maggots of his carcass
Plunge our bills.

From our perches in the treetops
Saw we Pan,
With him Eos and Zephyrus;
Swift they ran.

Sneering Pan is our Nemesis;
Him we hate.

Give us our commands, Astræus,
We await.

[*The Harpies partly rise, cackle in ghoulisb laughter,
and flutter down again. Another crash of
thunder is heard.*]

ASTRÆUS (*in rage*)

By the furies of hell, we are undone!
Zephyrus stolen by that forest fool,

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

And Eos, too, seduced. Great Jupiter!
Now is Olympus turnèd upside down!
Away; go forth, ye bastards of the air;
Circle the farthest confines of the globe;
Nor rest your wings, nor foul your beaks with food
Until ye bring them back, my wife and son.
Go, harpies, go!

NICOTHOË

Master, master, we fly!

[*The Harpies rush from the scene. The storm rages more fiercely. Amid the crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning, ASTRÆUS, after imprecating the heavens, in pantomime, disappears in the cave.*]

INTERMEZZO

ACT II

The shrine of Diana in the vale of Arcadia. Ten years have elapsed. It is high afternoon in the full harvest time of the year. On the lower part of the hillside which rises at the back of the scene stands a marble colonnade, and, on the level below, a statue of Diana. The goddess is represented holding a drawn bow with an arrow poised as if to be let loose in flight. At one side is the well of Diana, with cups and flagons on the rim. On the right and left are bowers of trellis-work that suggest the existence of retreating pathways into the forest. The scene is gay with a profusion of flowers. A vigorous hunting call of horns is heard in the distance and gradually increases in volume. PAN is discovered asleep at the base of, and partly hidden behind the statue of Diana. An approaching chorus of Hunters is heard.

HUNTERS (*singing in the distance*)

In the dewy, dewy morn,
To the echo of the horn,
We hunt at the break of day;
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

[*A company of Hunters enters, singing.*

See the arrow from our bow
Lay the mighty antler low,
There's none can our skill gainsay,
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

In the quiet of the night
All our fancies take their flight;

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Our cares gently fade away,
Fade away—fade away—fade away.

So here's to the strife of a hunter's life
From the plain to the mountain sheen;
And here's to the thrill of a good day's kill,
With a toast to Dian, our queen!
With a toast to Dian, our queen!

Hail! Orion, conqueror, mightiest
Hunter of us all! Hail! Hail!

[ORION *enters under an arch of the uplifted spears of
the Hunters.*

ORION

Now have I kept my word and brought you here
Into the secret vale of Artemis;
This is the very paradise of nymphs.
Surfeit your eyes and sip the honeyed blooms
Before they part their lips to th' amorous sun.
Behold this rose with petals carnadine:
Some passionate naiad hath brushed it with her cheek.
The entwined arms of yonder vinery
Do haply imitate those trysting lovers
Who melted here their souls in unison.
The air is plethoric in witchery.
Alone I once made conquest in this dell
Of one who Aphrodite's charms surpassed.
That was a wooing fit for Mars himself,
And would have won applause from Hercules!
So come, your girdles loose, and rest your spears;
We will put off the trappings of the chase,
And let our arms be those that nature gives
Wherewith to bend fair maids to our will.
Now is the harvest time, when all things yield
Their juices, and fruition waits the scythe.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

HUNTERS

Hail, mighty Orion, hail!

[*The Hunters disperse, leaning their spears and clubs against the trees and bowers. Whimsical music is heard and the voice of SILENUS, singing.*

SILENUS (*singing in the distance*)

Oh, ho, ho, ho; go fast, go slow,
Have a drink with old Silenus.
Whoa, Bucephalus, whoa!

[*The Hunters burst into laughter and SILENUS enters, riding on a donkey.*

I once knew a fool who went to school,
And he lived on moods and tenses.
His only drink was a bottle of ink,
So he very soon lost his senses.

(*dismounting*)

Whoa, Bucephalus, whoa!
The older we grow the less we know
Of life and all its uses.
It's only the drone who lives on a bone
And the flowing bowl refuses.

Why pickle your hide when you have died
In spices and good liquor?
Do the pickling now, is my daily vow;
It's surer and much quicker.

So bumpers up, fill every cup;
Have a drink with old Silenus;
We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

[SILENUS *fills the Hunters' goblets from his pigskin.*

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

HUNTERS (*singing*)

So bumpers up, fill every cup;
Have a drink with old Silenus;
We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

[*Great good humor prevails. ORION and SILENUS drink together, and the Hunters form convivial groups. SILENUS discovers PAN asleep on a bench, and stares at him with hands on knees, his mouth wide open with good-humored astonishment.*

SILENUS

By my starving belly! Whom have we here?

ORION

'Tis Pan, the forest fool; he seems at home.

HUNTERS

Pan!

ORION (*approaching PAN*)

Aye, Pan; I know him. Thou sluggard awake;
Or art thou shamming? Come, awake, I say.
Silenus, fill a flagon to the brim
And bid the mad buffoon to quaff with us.

[*PAN opens his eyes and springs to his feet.*

PAN (*singing*)

Mighty Gæa! You hairy dogs, you mongrel herd,
How dare your dungy hoofs befoul this sacred spot?
Stand back! Avaunt! Away!

HUNTERS (*singing, in derision*)

Ha, ha! Ha, ha! The churlish mountebank!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

[SILENUS runs up to PAN, offering a wine cup. PAN knocks the cup from his hand. SILENUS and the Hunters fall back. PAN faces the crowd in anger.]

PAN

Back to your kennels,
Vulgar invaders,
Dogs from the mountains,
Back, back, I say!

Hairy intruders,
Gory and reeking,
Swine of the jungle,
Avaunt! Away!

This is no covey,
Quarry, or bear trap
Baited with offal,
Villainous pests!

Flee ere the shaft from
The bow of Diana,
Shot in her anger,
Pierces your breasts.

I will not drink ye,
Not with Silenus;
I will not quaff his
Poisonous rue.

[*He dips a cup in the well.*]

Here is a chalice
Filled with the rarest
Nectar from Hebe's
Elysian brew.

Fill all your flagons,
Pledge in this vintage

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

To Venus, the goddess
Of love and delight.

Her lips have pressed it,
Her song hath blessed it;
Drink deep to Venus,
Queen of to-night.

HUNTERS

(rushing to well and filling flagons)

Drink deep to Venus,
Queen of to-night.

PAN *(aside)*

Faithful Diana,
Come to my rescue,
Steep all their senses
In Lethe's spell;

Baffle their prowess,
Stifle their passions,
Toss them to Pluto,
Writhing in hell.

Drink to Aphrodite fair,
Drink to Bacchus debonair,
Drink the nectar, ruby glowing,

From the fountain ever flowing,
At Diana's charmèd well,
Fill your flagons to the brim,
Here's to nymph and dryad trim,
Hark! I hear their laughter ringing;
Hark! I hear their voices singing
Round Diana's charmèd well,

[All commence to dance.]

Round and round, hand in hand;

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Faster, faster, merry band;
Dip it, sip it, trip it, skip it,
Step fantastic, antic frantic.

[The dance grows wilder and wilder.]

Ha! ha! The charm has worked!

[PAN unslings his pipes and plays the tune wildly. The Hunters dance madly, reeling and turning and, enticed by PAN's piping, disappear in the bowers. ORION remains. He tries to resist the music.]

ORION

Thou hound of Pluto, with what concoction vile
Have we been drugged? I am not done with thee.

[Tries to come forward, but staggers back when PAN plays upon his reeds.]

ORION (*angrily*)

Arrest your squealing reeds! They split mine ears!
Hear me—I am not done! . . .
I shall return. . . . I shall return. . . .

[He disappears in one of the bowers. PAN turns to the statue and kneels.]

PAN (*singing*)

My prayer is heard;
I thank thee, goddess undefiled.
Thy guiding hand
With love protects each wayward child.

With contrite heart
I kneel before thy form benign,
To pledge anew
My faith in thee, sweet nymph divine.

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

(rising)

My prayer is heard;
I thank thee, goddess undefiled.

The myriad stars
That burn with pure celestial flame,
Diana fair,
Reflect the glory of thy name.

Bid me proclaim
To far Parnassus' lofty height
The joy that fills
The heart of Pan with new delight.

[He ceases singing and speaks.]

Discordant, brutal. Strife is fled the scene,
And Peace resumes her customary dignity.
Triumphant Day now sheathes his flaming sword;
The shadows stretch their length upon the earth,
And sentinels of stars will soon begin
Their rounds upon the ramparts of the night.

[The music of the Dance of the Nymphs begins very softly.]

I feel the pulse of gentle harmonies;
Rhythms that faintly fall upon the ear.
Music, thou solace from Elysium!
Thou proof divine of immortality!
Now is the hour when Chloris and her train
Come hither for their nightly carnival.
I will away to where Zephyrus waits.
The noble boy, to nobler manhood grown,
Hath far surpassed his mother's fondest hopes.
Desert me not, sweet goddess Dian,
For I am still thy faithful Pan.

[The music of the Dance of the Nymphs is now heard more distinctly and a company of Nymphs, clad in filmy, flowing garments, appear and dance.]

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

After a little, some of the Nymphs dance into one of the bowers and reappear with CHLORIS in their midst, surrounded by little Fauns. She is dressed more richly than the others, in golden draperies. As she enters, the Nymphs weave garlands of roses and ribbons of flowers around her. Finally she kneels in front of the statue of Diana, and the Nymphs shower her with flowers. During the latter part of the dance the voices of children are heard singing softly in the distance.

VOICES OF CHILDREN

Chloris and Phœbe's train
In the moonlight coyly dancing;—
Venus will search in vain
For a picture more entrancing.

Nimble their dainty feet
Tread the captivating measure;
Faces and hearts replete
With the music's thrilling pleasure.

Chloris, sweet nymph, arise,
While we crown thee, fairest flower,
Crown thee with Flora's prize—
Flora, queen of Phœbe's bower.

[The dance and the singing have continued for some time when PAN and ZEPHYRUS appear. They speak during the singing which is always heard as from a distance.]

PAN

Look, boy, where beauty on perfection waits,
And each outshines the other's estimate.
This is the fillet, crown, the coronet
Of Phœbe's handiwork. The rarest gem



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

A SCENE FROM "THE ATONEMENT OF PAN"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DAYTIME DURING THE DRESS REHEARSAL

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

From India, faceted to multiply
And yield its myriad iridescent hues,
Would pale with envy before this diadem.
Art pleased, my lad?

ZEPHYRUS

Pleased? I am enchanted.
What is she? Who is she? And whence cometh she?

PAN

She? Thou hast a choice already!

ZEPHYRUS

I see but one and only one.

PAN

Which one?

ZEPHYRUS

The one who, clad in golden drapery,
Rivets the adoration of the others.

PAN

'T is Chloris fair, and her attendant train
Coming to vest their vernal choice as queen
And crown her, Flora, goddess bountiful.

ZEPHYRUS

My soul! Such beauty is not of this earth.

PAN

Speak to her.

ZEPHYRUS

Speak? I dare not, my voice would frighten her.

PAN

She is a woman. If I mistake me not,

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

She will prefer the horror of thy voice
Than that her charms win no encomium.

(aside)

Ah, me. The prudishness of untried youth!

(aloud)

Speak, thou fuzzy fledgling, thou downy boy.

[PAN *gently pushes* ZEPHYRUS *forward. Music is heard, and PAN tiptoes to one side with finger on lips.*

PAN *(aside)*

Now is the spell complete. I'll leave the rest
To beauty, youth and nature's craftiness.

[*He goes out.*

ZEPHYRUS *(singing)*

Fairest of Diana's train,
Bid me not to ask in vain
For some favor in thine eyes,
Where the light of heaven lies.

When thy beauty I behold,
Tell me not I am too bold,
If I dare disclose my heart
Bruised by wound of Cupid's dart.

Flora, Flora, list my prayer;
'Neath the starry night I swear
All my soul in longing cries
For some favor in thine eyes,
For one glimpse of Paradise.
Flora, Flora, list my prayer.

In the mazes of the dance
How thy dainty feet entrance;

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Flitting like a fairy sprite
Mid the shadows of the night.

Be thou fairy, nymph or maid,
Lovely vision of the glade,
Willing captive to thy spell,
Let me in thy favor dwell.

All my soul in longing cries
For some favor in thine eyes,
For one glimpse of Paradise.
Flora, Flora, list my prayer.

[ZEPHYRUS *at the end of his song is kneeling to*
CHLORIS, now FLORA. *She is standing directly*
in front of the statue of Diana, her arms filled
with long-stemmed roses, a circlet of poppies on
her head. All the Nymphs have retreated into
bowers during the song, where they are half-seen
in the shadows. FLORA drops her flowers and
holds out both hands to ZEPHYRUS.

FLORA

Arise; it is not meet for thee to kneel,
For art thou not a man—the brave Zephyrus?

[ZEPHYRUS *kisses her hand.*

ZEPHYRUS

How dost thou know my name and who I am?

FLORA

Only thy name is whispered in the trees
When zephyrs gently blow from out the west;
Only thy name is wafted by the rose
Whose fragrance with thy balmy breath commingles.
Have I not known thee since the dawn of time?
Thou art the western wind.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

ZEPHYRUS

Thou art the rose.

[*They are seated in front of and at the base of the statue, facing each other and looking into each other's eyes. ORION breaks through one of the bowers. He is in brutal mood.*]

ORION

What ho! Here is fresh meat, a young gazelle;
A beauty, too. Stand back, thou puny stripling.

[*ZEPHYRUS steps to one side; FLORA crouches at the base of the statue, covering her face with her hands.*]

Come not betwixt Orion and his sport.

[*At this moment screams are heard from the bowers, and Hunters are dimly seen each holding a Nymph in his embrace.*]

ZEPHYRUS

Goddess of chastity, lend me thine aid!

[*ORION and ZEPHYRUS rush together; ORION throws ZEPHYRUS off easily and draws his hunting knife. ZEPHYRUS recovers himself and stands between ORION and FLORA.*]

ORION

Come, my hungry blade, let us sniff some blood!

[*ORION rushes at ZEPHYRUS with uplifted knife. There is a heavy roll of thunder. The arrow flies from Diana's bow and ORION staggers, falls and dies. Hunters, rushing from the bowers, fall to their knees and point at the statue. One among them cries, "The arrow hath pierced his heart!" The music turns to a dirge. Four Hunters take ORION on their shoulders and slowly carry him*]

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

up the hill. ZEPHYRUS and FLORA kneel for a moment before the statue. The motive of the Dance of the Nymphs is again heard and voices are heard singing the chorus that accompanied the dance. ZEPHYRUS and FLORA arise. Nymphs enter timidly and, forming a group around them, they all slowly disappear into the bowers as the music dies away. It is now full moonlight. PAN enters, playing very softly on his pipes. He goes up to the statue and sits at its base.

PAN

Death is a farce and follies are momentous
In Jove's predestined universal scheme.
What is the carcass of the lion but stuff
Wherewith to fructify the violet?
Thus do the spheres themselves revolve in space
To hum a melody for wanton lovers.
To-day between two youths a spark has struck
That will illumine the empyrean limits.
The worlds await the union of their seed.
Fear not, the great command will be obeyed:
Life ever hath its genesis in debt,
That needs be paid in coin from nature's mint:
And so the ages bear their labor pains.
So far—so good.

*[PAN gradually falls asleep at the base of the statue,
while the theme of Diana rises in a climax.]*

INTERMEZZO—"THE DREAM OF PAN"

ACT III

The scene is same as in Act I. The music intimates a return of the storm, interrupted with fragments of the Dance of the Harpies. ASTRÆUS is discovered at the mouth of the cave, with folded arms and head bowed. At his feet, spread out on the hillside, is NICOTHOË.

ASTRÆUS

Ten years have limped their course, like convicts chained,
Dragging my heart in shackles after them.
Our thunders' heavy bulk, our hurricanes,
Our lightning bolts and tumbling avalanche,
Have written failure on the earthy slates.
The howling winds weep failure in our ears:
The sum of all our power is loneliness.

[The Storm Music rises and falls.]

Be still, ye myrmidons, we'll try no more.
Now would I pledge an hemisphere of storms
To win them back again, my wife and son.

[NICOTHOË cackles in grief.]

ASTRÆUS

Go to, thou scavenger! May all thy brood
Gorge in each other's blood like cannibals
And rid the world of putrid pestilence!

NICOTHOË (*rising*)

Stay your epithets and curses,
Hear me speak.

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Not upon your faithful harpies
Vengeance seek.

All the farthest forest confines
Did we scan
Till we found thy boy and Eos
Led by Pan.

In one cloud we hovered o'er them,
Poised in flight;
When the pipes of Pan forbade us
To alight.

Played a melody infernal
In our ear.
Filled the air with mocking, laughing,
Fiendish jeer.

Bade us whirl like brainless boobies
Round and round,
While with glee he rolled and tumbled
On the ground.

Then he shouted: "Come but nearer
And you die.
I am master of the woodland,
Backward fly."

Times unnumbered have we striven
To regain
Eos and the boy Zephyrus;
All in vain.

[She sinks down again in despair.]

ASTRÆUS

What force contends with our authority?
What is this music damned you rave about?
Are piping reeds and scraping guts to sway

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

And rule the elements against our will?
By Vulcan and his bellows! We shall forge
A syrinx worthy of a titan's blast
And crack the globe in one vast dissonance!

[*The pipes of PAN are heard in the distance. NICOTHOË partly rises, listens, shudders and, cackling in fear, falls down again. ACHOLOË, another Harpy, rushes in and falls prostrate near NICOTHOË.*

ACHOLOË

Master, she comes, she comes!

ASTRÆUS

Who comes? Speak out, thou messenger of hell!

ACHOLOË

Thy wife, and in her train a multitude.

ASTRÆUS

Roll back the murky clouds! Shine forth, O sun!
And clothe the world in holiday attire!
Out of my sight, ye garbage-eating vermin.

[*NICOTHOË and ACHOLOË slink away.*

Now let resplendent beauty flood the scene!

(*aside*)

O heart, O withered heart, I feel the sap
Beneath thy bark stir with another spring.

[*The music of PAN's prologue is heard. EOS appears at the top of the bill; on her left is ZEPHYRUS, on her right, FLORA. PAN is seen in front of the others. The music ceases.*

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

ASTRÆUS (*looking up, transfixed*)

Eos! Thief of my soul! My truant love!

Eos

Astræus, mighty sovereign of the winds;
Behold, I am returned, bringing Zephyrus,
But not to do thy bidding with the boy.
Our elder sons on hate were weaned and taught
Destruction was to be their field of labor.
Not so this pearl of my maturity.
I stole the jewel ere it was encrusted,
And set my treasure where it might reflect
The glowing radiance of all the virtues.
We found a land unbound by battlements
Or limitations fixed to affront the eye,
A very haven of beatitude
Wherein we bode in calm security.
One law supreme holds sway in this domain:
That law which bids the velvet bud to ope
And catch the fleeting colors of the dawn;
That same great law which holds the pendent globes
In rhythmic swing through spaces infinite;—
The universal law of harmony.
Wisdom I found confided to a fool,
A trusty of the deities' deep designs.
He played a strain upon his trivial pipes,
A filmy gossamer of melody
Spun from the music of the spheres; and yet
It swayed the counter currents of the air,
It sheared discordant strife of all its strength,
And swept your legions to oblivion.
The voice of harmony is the voice of god.

ASTRÆUS (*aside*)

Her words unfold a mystery, but her voice
With new enchantment thrills my lonely heart.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Eos

Zephyrus has been reared in fair Arcadia,
Where all things animate, in full accord
With Mother Nature, dwell in happiness.
His ripening years now show our handiwork,
By aid divine, to full perfection brought.
In all due time there came the consummation
Of that vast plan which rules the universe.
Chloris, the fairest nymph of Artemis
Was shrined as Flora, goddess bountiful.
Youth and Beauty looked in each other's eyes;
It was designed by Zeus their souls should mate;
Eons ago the sacred flame was lit
Upon the altar of their destiny.
With joy I gave the sanction of their troth,
Dedicating their union with the pledge
That he should be the god of gentle winds,
And Flora, goddess bountiful, his wife.
Before thee thus they stand and all the world!

ASTRÆUS

But how about thyself? Thou art my wife
In union wed on high Olympus front.

Eos

I know full well the penalty ordained
For disobedience to my marriage vow:
Yet here I do renounce and waive all claim,
Immortal and divine, to take the doom
Of punishment within the lower world,
Unless, Astræus, thou wilt give consent
Unto this union and cement the pledge
That naught but zephyrs through these forest trees
Shall play, and naught but plenty fill the lap

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Of every harvest season in our land.
Unite with me as warrant to my vow
And I will reunite with thee, thy wife.

[*Eos and those with her make gestures of supplication. ASTRÆUS bows his head. Distant thunder is heard, and the cackle of Harpies from afar.*

ASTRÆUS (*aside*)

Peace, peace, unhappy harbingers of ill.

[*He pauses in meditation.*

(*vigorously*)

My love for thee is greater than my hate,
Thou art the better half of all my life;
Thy voice hath conquered me. I give the pledge.
Eos, beloved, come!

Eos

I come, Astræus,
Willingly thy wife, but Eos no longer.
Behold Aurora, daughter of the dawn!

[*A faint glow of dawn surrounds EOS, now AURORA. Trumpet calls are heard and PAN, followed by AURORA, holding ZEPHYRUS and FLORA by either hand, leads a procession of the Nymphs down the hillside. The Harpies perch on crags in the distance. The Hunters and Fauns enter from the forest below the hillside.*

HUNTERS (*singing*)

All hail, fair goddess of the morn!
All hail, Aurora newly born!
The golden shafts that strike from tree to tree
Proclaim to all the world our victory.
Let high Olympus hear our voice!

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Bid all the gods with us rejoice.
All hail, fair goddess of the morn!

FAUNS (*singing*)

To thee, Arcadia's lord, we pray:
Receive thy due, this wreath of bay,
Hail, master of the woodland clan;
Long be thy reign, O great god, Pan!

ALL

Bestow thy benediction, mighty Jove,
Upon thy children in this grove.
Diana, guide our wandering steps aright;
Illume our path with virgin light.

[ASTRÆUS *awaits* AURORA, ZEPHYRUS and FLORA, *who, when they reach him, kneel. Bidding them rise, ASTRÆUS joins the hands of ZEPHYRUS and FLORA. He then embraces AURORA and leads her up the hillside to the mouth of the cave, leaving ZEPHYRUS and FLORA, surrounded by all the Nymphs, Hunters and Fauns. PAN stands on the lower hillside and all turn toward him.*

PAN (*singing*)

Now have we joined within this scene
Two youths of godly origin.
A pair bestowed by heavenly love.
As tender hostage to this grove.
Accept my penance, mighty Jove;
Give me thy blessing from above.

[PAN's *deformities miraculously disappear and he stands forth perfect in body. All fall to their knees before him as the hillside is bathed in a brilliant illumination.*

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

ALL

All hail! great master of our clan;
All hail to thee, the great god, Pan!
The golden shafts that strike from tree to tree
Proclaim to all the world thy victory.
Let high Olympus hear our voice;
Bid all the gods with us rejoice.
All hail to thee, the great god, Pan!

NOTE ON THE MUSIC

BY HENRY HADLEY

THE PRANKISH disposition and foolish deviltry of Pan are indicated at the very beginning by the following theme:



The fact that he is imbued with some lofty ambition is expressed as follows:



He comes with swinging stride through the woods:



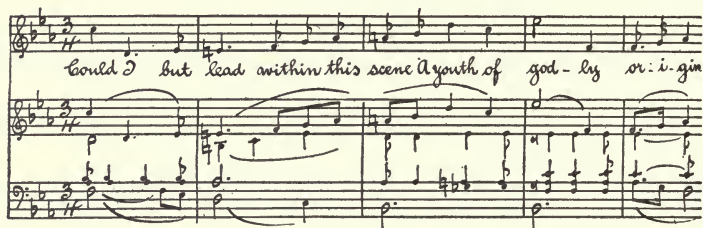
There is a tone of sadness in his pipes:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



He emerges from the thicket, and, after declaiming a portion of the Prologue, declaims in song the great ambition that stirs his heart:



This number, diverted with one or two sub-themes, rises in climacteric form to a finale—the realization of his prayer:



The Prologue ended, the play now begins. The boy, Zephyrus, chases a butterfly in the morning sun:



THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

The innocence and trust of the child are shown in his reply to Pan, who has asked him if he is not afraid:



This motive is repeated in duet form between the two, the Arcadian deity being completely won over by the perfect faith of Zephyrus in the goodness of the world. Still again it echoes through the woods when Pan leads the boy and his mother, Eos, from the gloomy surroundings of their cavern home toward Arcadia.

The scene darkens, and with threatening storm the approach of Astræus, the Father of the Winds, is heard:



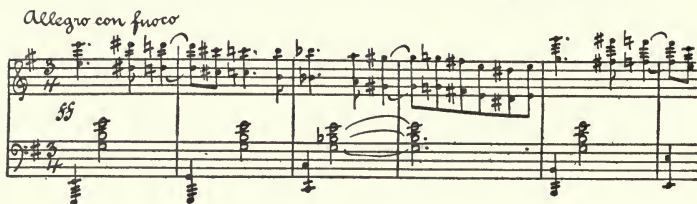
He calls upon his harpies to appear. They rush upon the scene to a weird and grewsome dance:

Allegro con fuoco
8va



He bids them go forth and bring back his wife and son. They fly at his command, and Astræus reënters the cave at the height of the storm.

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



The intermezzo played by the orchestra between the first and second acts opens with a vigorous horn call, supported by rough, short chords in the strings, suggesting the approach of Orion, the Mighty Hunter.



A short connecting link then ushers in the theme of Diana, employed in several places throughout the second scene:



At the beginning of the second act, the approach of Orion and his hunters is heard in the forest:

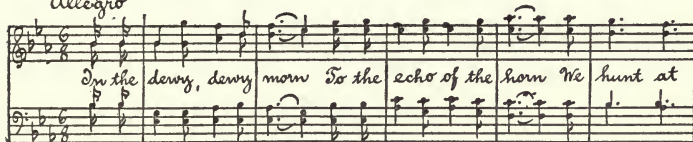
THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Allegro con brio



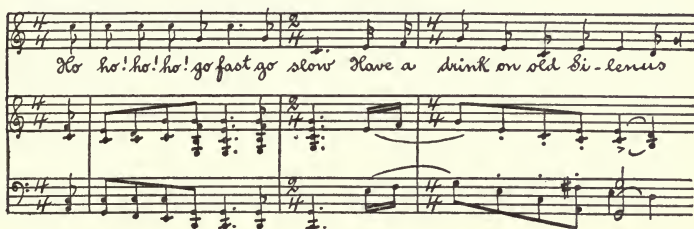
They fill the vale of Diana with their hunting song:

Allegro



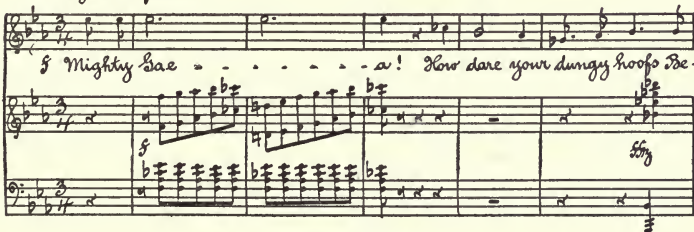
Orion enters to the music of the intermezzo, illustrated above. The jovial Silenus is welcomed, and gives vent to his love of the grape:

Moderato



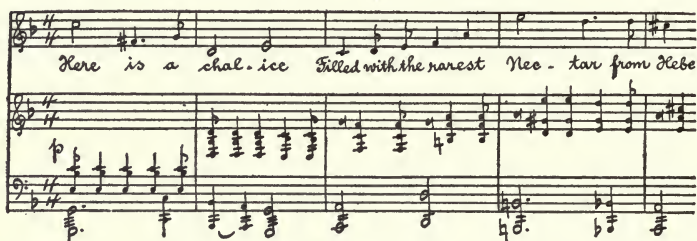
Pan is discovered by the hunters, asleep in the sun, at the base of the statue of Diana. He awakens and, springing to his feet, rails at the hairy intruders for daring to desecrate the sacred spot:

Allegro con fuoco

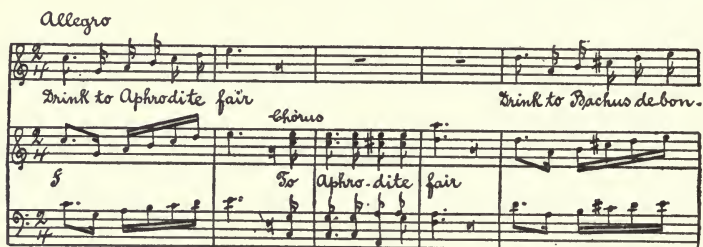


THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

He espies the charmed well of Diana, and invokes its aid:



All fill their flagons, and Pan bids them drink to Aphrodite:



The nectar courses through their veins, and they dash into a wild revel, while Pan plays upon his pipes. They cannot resist the music, and he drives the intruders from the scene, as they reel and turn to the mad rhythm of the dance:



THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

Pan kneels in thanksgiving to the statue:



The day has waned, and moonlight—the hour of Phœbe and her train—colors the scene. Pan leaves in search of Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, as the Dance of the Nymphs pulsates through the orchestra. The Dance of the Nymphs, with a chorus of Fauns heard in the distance, employs the following motives:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

Boys

Chloris and Thore-be's train In the moon light coy - ly

Walse

The dance reaches a climax on the crowning of Chloris as Flora, Goddess Bountiful.

Pan returns with Zephyrus, who is enraptured, and the nymphs daintily retreat while he declares his infatuation for Flora:

Minuet Moderato

Fairer of Diana's train, Did me not to ask in vain For some far

Their love scene is rudely interrupted by the return of Orion in brutal mood.

Orion draws his hunting-knife and rushes upon Zephyrus, who is shielding Flora before the statue, when there is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from the bow of Diana and pierces the heart of Orion, who falls dead at the base of the statue.

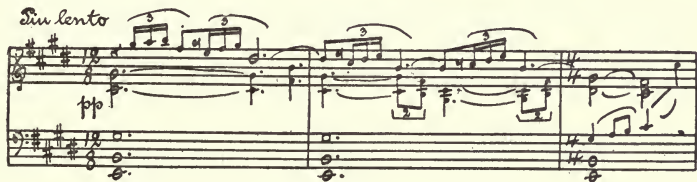
The hunters come upon the scene and behold the miracle. They lift the body of Orion upon their shoulders

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

and bear it away; the music merges into a dirge, the muted horns sounding the hunting-horn theme in remote harmonics:



The movement of the dance revives, and timidly the nymphs return to Flora; they surround her and Zephyrus, and, weaving garlands around them both, the train gently leads the two into the forest, leaving the scene vacant and flooded in moonlight. Pan returns alone, playing softly upon his pipes; after a soliloquy, he falls asleep at the base of the statue, while the theme of Diana fades away, intermingled with fragments of the Hunter's theme and Pan's theme.



Another intermezzo, "The Dream of Pan," is played by the orchestra between the second and third acts:



THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



At the opening of the third act there is heard the return of the Astræus motive, admixed with sketches of the Dance of the Harpies. After a dialogue between Astræus and Nicothoë, the leader of the Harpies, the pipes of Pan are heard, and Pan, Eos, Zephyrus, and Flora are disclosed upon the mountainside above the cave. The reunion of Astræus and Eos (now become Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn) being accomplished, the processional takes place down the mountainside; the basic choral is as follows:

Moderato e molto maestoso

Boys
 55 Hail all hail Fair Goddess of the Dawn!

men
 55 Hail all hail Fair Goddess of the Dawn!

A musical score for the basic choral. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, then a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass line continues with a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The melody ends with a quarter note G5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note E5, and a quarter note D5. The bass line ends with a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2.

Then follows a pæan of praise to Pan by the bass voices:

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

All the Basses

To Thee Ar-cadia's Lord we pray Re-ceive

The entire chorus gives adoration to mighty Jove:

Boys

Bestow thy ben-e-diction mighty Jove Up-on thy chil-dren

men

Be-stow thy ben-e-diction mighty Jove Up-on thy chil-dren

A tableau of reunion takes place on the main stage, whereupon Pan, in lofty strain, implores that he may be freed of his deformities; the same *leitmotif* is here employed as in the Prologue.

Now have we joined within this scene Two youths of god-ly or-i-gin

A great light now shines upon Pan; his deformities

THE GROVE PLAYS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

disappear, and he stands before them all, "a perfect child create at birth." All fall to their knees in adoration, lifting their voices in a mighty hymn of praise as the forest is illuminated:

Boys

ss Hail, all hail! Great master of our clan; All hail to thee the

men Hail, all hail! Great master of our clan; All hail to thee the

ss

ss

great God Sam!

great God Sam!

The golden shafts that strike

eva . . . The gol. -



